

The
Aftermath
~ '95

Aftermath
of
'95.



PUBLISHED BY
The Class of '95, W. D. H.,
WORCESTER, MASS.
1895.

PRESS OF
THE FELT PRINT,
WORCESTER.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Alex. W. Doe.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Henry S. Favor.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

Harry P. Davis.

ASSISTANT MANAGER.

Frank E. Gilbert.

ASSOCIATES.

Charles A. Harrington.

George A. Denny.

A. W. Clement.

E. A. Copeland.

ILLUSTRATION.

Fred. H. Somerville.

Joel M. Gilder.
T. F. O'Connor.





Dedication.

With the best wishes for the future,
this book is most respectfully dedicated
by the Class of 'Ninety-five, to
Dr. Thomas Corwin Mendenhall.





INTRODUCTION.

F.H.S.

IT HAS BEEN the custom at the W. P. I. in past years, for the Senior Class to publish, in the event of their graduation, what they were pleased to call a Class Book, on the cover of which they were pleased to have printed the word "Aftermath." In this custom we find our excuse for the few disconnected sentences which the kind reader will observe later on, if his patience and good nature do not fail him. In accordance, also, with the said custom, as well as with a direct request made by our worthy predecessor, '93, we have called our small venture "The Aftermath."

And since we have followed custom thus far, we may as well continue throughout our little apology. Next, therefore, we must make clear to the public what a hard time we have had in writing our little epitaph. In the "Aftermath of '94," the reader will find most of the woes of the Class Book editor so neatly and nicely stated, that we could not for a moment think of attempting to better it, but there are one or two tribulations we should like to add. Firstly, hard times depress the mind; secondly, we no longer have the old-time Excuse Book to write half a dozen excruciatingly funny pages about; and lastly, as it is not considered good form to speak ill of the dear departed, we are prevented from giving to the public many of the delicious jokes for which '94 served as the butt.

As concerns the Committee of the Faculty, chosen to inspect our book before it went to press, to correct our little mistakes and to censure our little indiscretions, we can only say that they have behaved toward us as kindness and consideration personified, and we take this opportunity to acknowledge the same.

But one word more, and that is a borrowed one: Whatever this book may be, it is all that is claimed for it.

Corporation.

_____, PRESIDENT.*

REV. DANIEL MERRIMAN, D. D., SECRETARY.

CHARLES G. WASHBURN, S. B., A. B., TREASURER.

HON. GEORGE F. HOAR, LL. D.

CHARLES H. MORGAN, ESQ.

WALDO LINCOLN, A. B.

HON. STEPHEN SALISBURY, A. M.

G. HENRY WHITCOMB, A. M.

REV. AUSTIN S. GARVER, A. M.

REV. CHARLES H. PENDLETON.

ON THE PART OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION,

HON. WILLIAM W. RICE, LL. D.

EX-OFFICIO,

HIS HONOR, MAYOR HENRY A. MARSH.

* Office vacant by the death of Judge Aldrich.

Officers of Instruction.

Faculty.

T. C. MENDENHALL, PH. D., LL. D.,
President.

GEORGE I. ALDEN, M. M. E.,
Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

GEORGE E. GLADWIN,
Professor of Drawing.

MILTON P. HIGGINS, S. B.,
Superintendent of Washburn Shops.

JOHN E. SINCLAIR, PH. D.,
Professor of Higher Mathematics.

ALONZO S. KIMBALL, PH. D.,
Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering.

U. WALDO CUTLER, S. B.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

LEONARD P. KINNICUTT, S. D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

GEORGE H. WHITE, S. B.,
Professor of Civil Engineering.

LEVI L. CONANT, PH. D.,
Associate Professor of Mathematics.

ARTHUR KENDRICK, A. M.,
Assistant Professor of Physics.

GEORGE H. HAYNES, PH. D.,
Professor of History and Economics.

WILLIAM W. BIRD, S. B.,
Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

WALTER L. JENNINGS, PH. D.,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

Other Instructors.

ROBERT C. SWEETSER, S. B.,
Instructor in Inorganic Chemistry.

JOSEPH O. PHELON, S. B.,
Instructor in Physics and Electrical Engineering.

ALTON L. SMITH, S. B.,
Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.

ZELOTES W. COOMBS, A. B.,
Instructor in Modern Languages.

JOSEPH BEALS, S. B.,
Instructor in Mathematics.

ARTHUR L. RICE, S. B.,
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.

GEORGE B. VILES, A. B.,
Instructor in Modern Languages.

DANIEL F. O'REGAN, S. B.,
Instructor in Chemistry.

EDWARD L. SMITH, S. B.,
Assistant in Chemistry.

CLARENCE W. EASTMAN, S. B.,
Instructor in Modern Languages.

ARTHUR D. BUTTERFIELD, S. B.,
Assistant in Civil Engineering.

CHARLES M. ALLEN, S. B.,
Assistant in Mechanical Engineering.

EDWARD L. BURDICK, S. B.,
Assistant in Mechanical Engineering.

Dr. Thomas C. Mendenhall.

THE members of the W. P. I. learned with great interest, on June 20th, 1894, that Thomas Corwin Mendenhall, LL. D., Ph. D., then Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, had been chosen by the Trustees to become President of the Institute, and that he would assume his duties the next Fall.

From 1873 to 1878 Dr. Mendenhall occupied the position of Professor of Physics and Mechanics at the Ohio State University. He subsequently held the same position at the Imperial University at Tokio, Japan. In 1884 he was appointed Professor in the U. S. Signal Service, and in 1886 became President of Rose Polytechnic Institute. In 1887 he was chosen an active member of the National Academy of Sciences. He was also one of the United States delegates to the Electrical Congress, held at Chicago in 1893.

He has already introduced many innovations which have proved most popular. Among these might be noted the lectures on alternate Mondays, by well-known men, and his own course of lectures to the Senior Class.







Alumni Association.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION MEETS WEDNESDAY BEFORE COMMENCEMENT, AT
WORCESTER.

President,	H. WINFIELD WYMAN, '82.
Vice-Presidents,	{ EDWARD F. TOLMAN, '71, W. W. BIRD, '87, VICTOR E. EDWARDS, '83.
Secretary,	W. L. CHASE, '77.
Treasurer,	EDWARD K. HILL, '71.

Executive Committee.

H. WINFIELD WYMAN, '82,	W. W. BIRD, '87,	E. F. TOLMAN, '71,
H. P. EDDY, '91,	V. E. EDWARDS, '83,	CHAS. BAKER, '93,
W. L. CHASE, Clerk.		

The Cleveland Association.

President,	FRANK ABORN, '72.
Vice-President,	WILLARD FULLER, '84.
Secretary and Treasurer,	W. T. WHITE, '90.

Washington Association.

President,	G. P. TUCKER, '87.
Secretary and Treasurer,	ALDUS C. HIGGINS, '93.

Western Association.

President,	CHAS. F. WHITE, '75.
Secretary,	JOHN B. ALLAN, '80.

Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.

FOUNDED IN 1848

Color, Royal Purple.

Roll of Chapters.

Section II.

IOTA MU,	Massachusetts Institute Technology.
PI IOTA,	Worcester Polytechnic Institute.
ALPHA CHI,	Amherst College.
NU DEUTERON,	Yale University.
TAU ALPHA,	Trinity College.

Section III.

UPSELON,	College of the City of New York.
OMEGA,	Columbia College.
NU EPSILON,	University of the City of New York.
THETA PSI,	Colgate University.
KAPPA NU,	Cornell University.
CHI,	Union College.

Section IIII.

ALPHA,	Washington and Jefferson College.
BETA,	University of Pennsylvania.
DELTA,	Bucknell University.
XI,	Pennsylvania College.
PI,	Allegheny College.
SIGMA DEUTERON,	Lafayette College.
BETA CHI,	Lehigh University.
GAMMA PHI,	Pennsylvania State College.

Section IV.

BETA MU,	Johns Hopkins University.
EPSILON,	University of North Carolina.
OMICRON,	University of Virginia.
BETA DEUTERON,	Roanoke College.
DELTA DEUTERON,	Hampden-Sidney College.
ZETA DEUTERON,	Washington and Lee University.
RHO CHI,	Richmond College.

Section V.

ETA,	Marietta College.
SIGMA,	Wittenberg College.
THETA DEUTERON,	Ohio Wesleyan College.
LAMBDA DEUTERON,	Dennison University.
OMICRON DEUTERON,	Ohio State University.
RHO DEUTERON,	Wooster University.
LAMDA PHI,	University of Michigan.

Section VI.

ZETA,	Indiana State University.
LAMDA,	De Pauw University.
TAU,	Hanover College.
PSI,	Wabash College.
ALPHA DEUTERON,	Illinois Wesleyan University.
GAMMA DEUTERON,	Knox College.

Section VII.

MU SIGMA,	University of Minnesota.
MU,	University of Wisconsin.

Section VIII.

KAPPA TAU,	University of Tennessee.
------------	--------------------------

Section IX.

PI DEUTERON,	University of Kansas.
SIGMA PHI,	William Jewell College.

Section X.

DELTA XI,	University of California.
ALPHA SIGMA,	Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

ΠΙ



Phi Kappa Chapter
of the
Fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta.

ESTABLISHED NOVEMBER 20TH, 1891.

Fratres in Urbe.

WILLIAM FREEMAN BURLEIGH.
WILLIAM NILES STARK.
WILLIAM CHAFFIN HOWE.
HARRY LINCOLN DADMUN.
GEORGE WALKER EDDY.
RALPH LANDERS MORGAN.
MATTHEW PERCIVAL WHITTALL.
LOUIS ERVILLE WARE.
WILLIAM JENNINGS BALDWIN.

'95.

ALBA HOUGHTON WARREN.
FREDERICK WILLIAM PARKS.
ALVAH WADSWORTH CLEMENT.
HENRY JONES FULLER.
GEORGE PUTNAM DAVIS.

'96.

JOHN WEAKLEY CHALFANT, JR.

'97.

CHARLES CAMPBELL CHALFANT.
GEORGE WILLIAM THROOP.
ROY AUGUSTUS BARNARD.
WILLIAM SUMNER BARTON DANA.
WILLIAM DRESSER EDWARDS.
HERBERT HARRINGTON MORSE.
RALPH EDWIN FISH.

'98.

EDWARD CHANDLER THRASHER.
THOMAS LEVERETT NELSON, JR.
CHARLES ARTHUR BOOTH.
GEORGE WILLIAM LEE.
ARTHUR SIMON NEWCOMP.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Founded, 1856.

Roll of Chapters.

MASSACHUSETTS BETA-UPSILON,	Boston University.
MASSACHUSETTS IOTA-TAU,	Mass. Institute of Technology.
MASSACHUSETTS GAMMA,	Harvard University.
MASSACHUSETTS DELTA,	Worcester Polytechnic Institute.
CONNECTICUT ALPHA,	Trinity College.
NEW YORK ALPHA,	Cornell University.
PENNSYLVANIA OMEGA,	Allegheny College.
PENNSYLVANIA SIGMA-PHI,	Dickinson College.
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA-ZETA,	Pennsylvania State College.
PENNSYLVANIA DELTA,	Pennsylvania College.
PENNSYLVANIA ZETA,	Bucknell University.
NEW YORK MU,	Columbia College.
NEW YORK SIGMA-PHI,	St. Stephens College.
VIRGINIA OMICRON,	University of Virginia.
VIRGINIA SIGMA,	Washington and Lee University.
VIRGINIA PI,	Emory and Henry College.
NORTH CAROLINA XI,	University of North Carolina.
NORTH CAROLINA THETA,	Davidson College.
SOUTH CAROLINA DELTA,	South Carolina College.
SOUTH CAROLINA PHI,	Furman University.
SOUTH CAROLINA GAMMA,	Wofford College.
GEORGIA BETA,	University of Georgia.
GEORGIA PSI,	Mercer University.
GEORGIA EPSILON,	Emory College.
GEORGIA PHI,	Georgia School of Technology.
MICHIGAN IOTA-BETA,	University of Michigan.
MICHIGAN ALPHA,	Adrian College.
OHIO SIGMA,	Mt. Union College.
OHIO DELTA,	Ohio Wesleyan University.
OHIO EPSILON,	University of Cincinnati.
OHIO THETA,	Ohio State University.
INDIANA ALPHA,	Franklin College.
INDIANA BETA,	Purdue University.
ILLINOIS PSI-OMEGA,	Northwestern University.
KENTUCKY KAPPA,	Central University.
KENTUCKY IOTA,	Bethel College.
TENNESSEE ZETA,	Southwestern Presbyterian University.
TENNESSEE LAMBDA,	Cumberland University.
TENNESSEE NU,	Vanderbilt University.
TENNESSEE KAPPA,	University of Tennessee.
TENNESSEE OMEGA,	University of the South.
TENNESSEE ETA,	Southwestern Baptist University.
ALABAMA MU,	University of Alabama.
ALABAMA IOTA,	Southern University.
ALABAMA ALPHA-MU,	Alabama A. and M. College.
MISSISSIPPI GAMMA,	University of Mississippi.
IOWA SIGMA,	Simpson College.
MISSOURI ALPHA,	University of Missouri.
MISSOURI BETA,	Washington University.
NEBRASKA LAMBDA-PI,	University of Nebraska.
ARKANSAS ALPHA-UPSILON,	University of Arkansas.
TEXAS RHO,	University of Texas.
COLORADO CHI,	University of Colorado.
COLORADO ZETA,	University of Denver.
CALIFORNIA ALPHA,	Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
CALIFORNIA BETA,	University of California.



Irredenta

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Massachusetts Delta Chapter.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 10, 1894.

Fratres in Urbe.

CHARLES BAKER, JR.
ARTHUR CLARK COMINS.
CHARLES METCALF ALLEN.
HARRY LEWIS COBB.
HENRY NEVIN SMITH.
EUGENE BARTLETT WHIPPLE.
EDWARD LYMAN BURDICK.

'95.

CLARENCE WALTER BARTON.
EUGENE AUGUSTUS COPELAND.
HARRY STETSON DAVIS.
GEORGE ADDISON DENNY.
GEORGE CROMPTON GORDON.
CHARLES ARTHUR HARRINGTON.
GEORGE OTIS SANFORD.
HENRY DENNIS TEMPLE.
WILLIAM OTIS WELLINGTON.
FRANK EDWARD WELLINGTON.

'96.

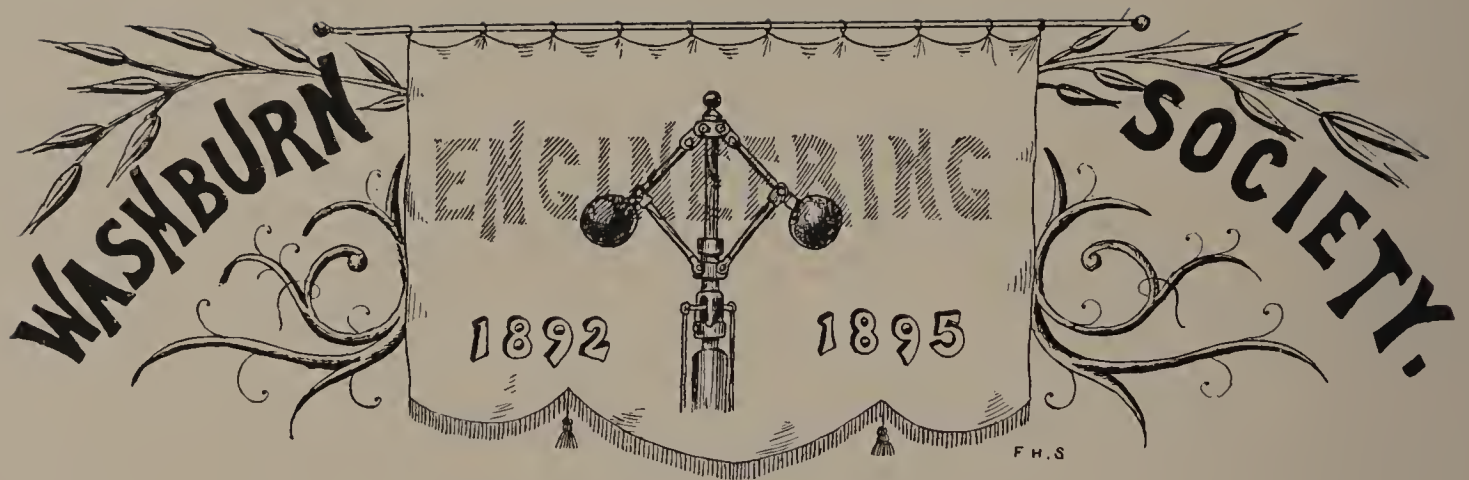
FRANK EDWIN CONGDON.
WILLIAM HILTON CUNNINGHAM.
THOMAS HAMILTON COE.
GEORGE SLOCOMB GIBBS.
JAMES BENJAMIN MAYO.

'97.

ISAAC FENNO ELLIOT.

'98.

GILBERT BLOSS.
DANIEL BAKER DIMICK.
FRANK CHESTER HARRINGTON.
HARRY LEANDER HASTINGS.
KARL BEAGARY REED.
CLIFTON BRIGHAM SYNYER.



President.

ALVAH W. CLEMENT.

Vice-Presidents.

PROF. W. W. BIRD,

P. B. MORGAN, '90,

A. D. BUTTERFIELD, '93,

C. D. PARKER, '79,

R. H. TAYLOR, '95.

Secretary,

PROF. GEORGE I. ALDEN.

Treasurer,

W. F. COLE, '83.

Counsellors.

DR. E. H. BIGELOW, '75,

E. H. WHITNEY, '71,

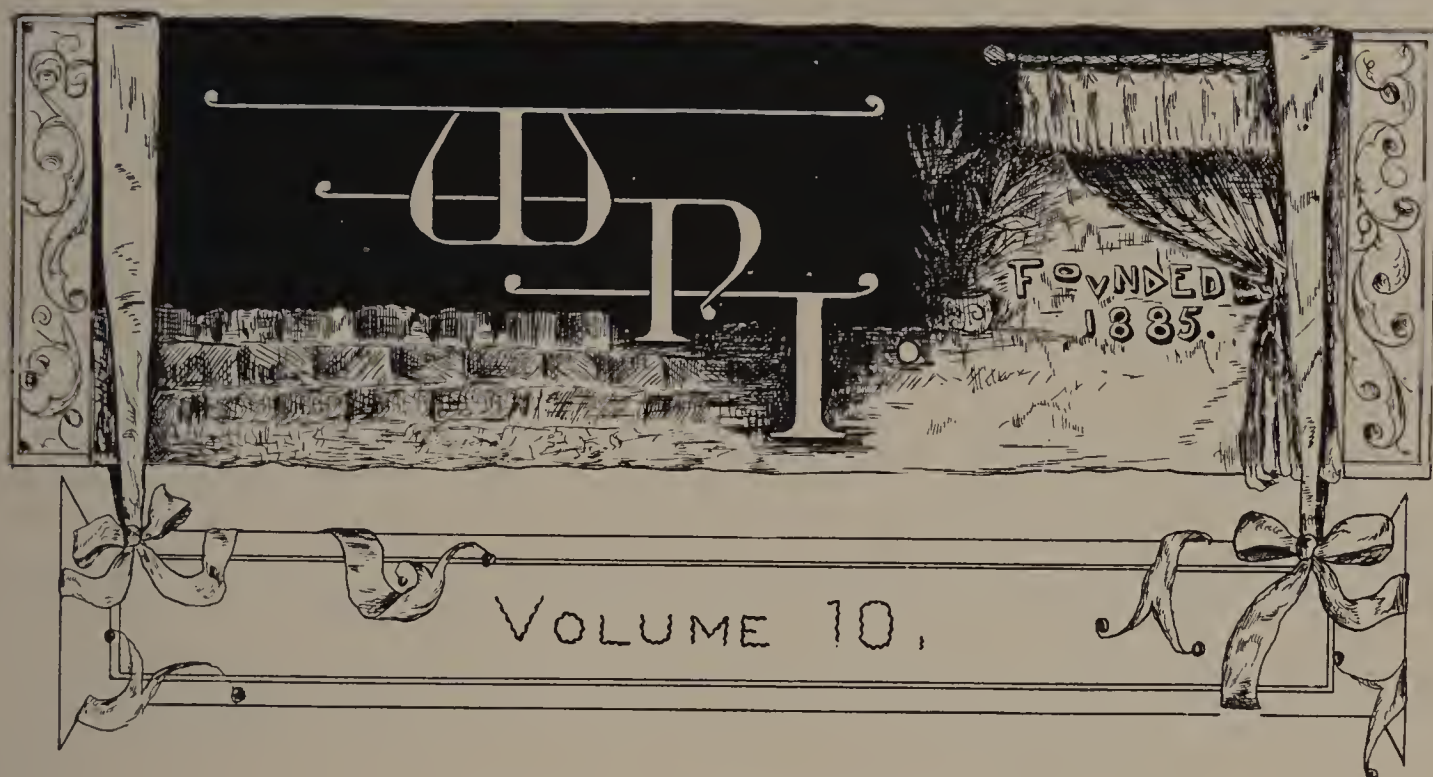
S. M. GREEN, '85,

W. V. LOWE, '81,

W. T. HATCH, '73.

The object of this society is to study and discuss various engineering problems.

All members of the Faculty, Instructors, Alumni and the students of the upper classes are eligible for membership.



Vol. X., 1894='95.

WALTER E. HAPGOOD, '95, }
 ALBA H. WARREN, '95, } Editors-in-Chief.
 ROBERT S. RILEY, '96, }
 FRANK E. KNOWLES, '96, } Assistant Editors.
 FRANK E. WELLINGTON, '95, }
 ROBERT S. RILEY, '96, } Business Managers.

Associate Editors.

ARTHUR W. WALLS, '95,	JOHN W. CHALFANT, JR., '96,
ALBA H. WARREN, '95,	CHARLES F. LEONARD, '96,
CHARLES A. HARRINGTON, '95,	HARRY E. WHEELER, '97,
CHARLES P. WARE, '96,	HERBERT H. MORSE, '97.

Assistant Business Managers.

FRED D. CRAWSHAW, '96,	HORACE CARPENTER, '96,
------------------------	------------------------

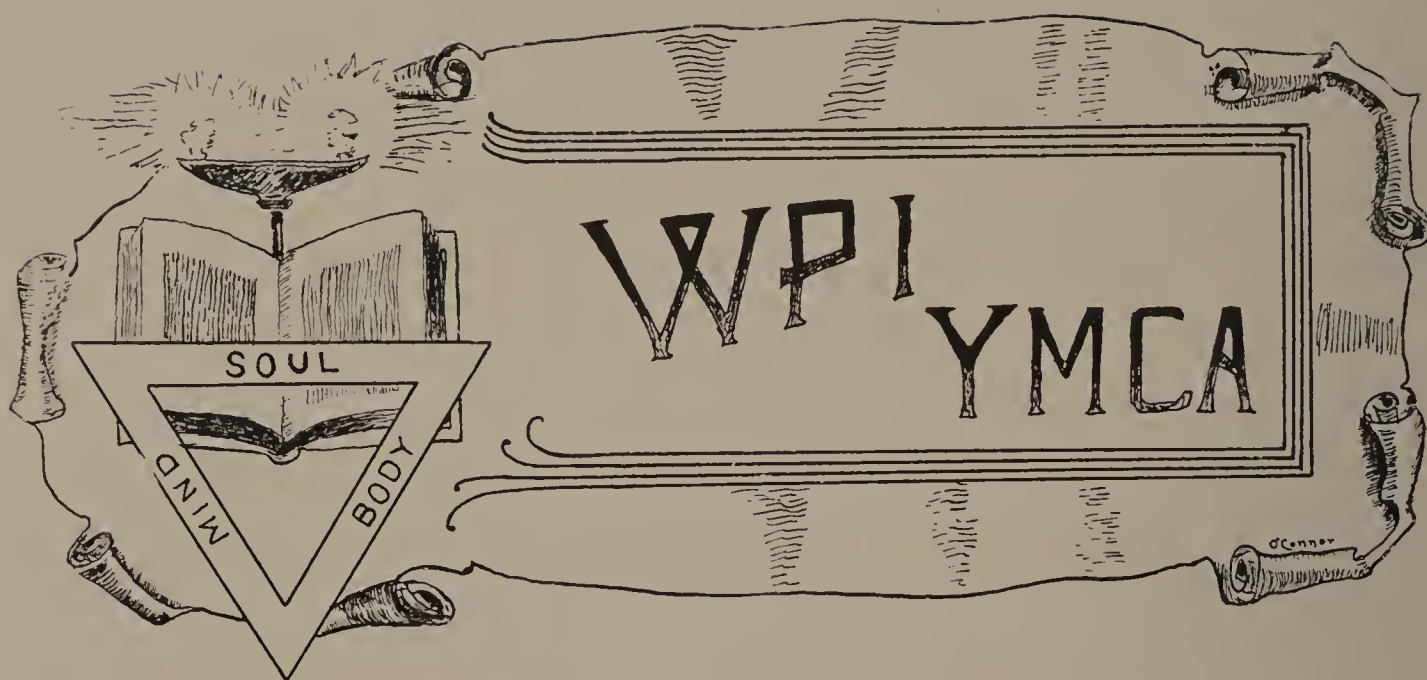
Vol. XI., 1895=96.

JOHN W. CHALFANT, JR., '96, Editor-in-Chief.
 HARRY E. WHEELER, '97, Assistant Editor.
 HORACE CARPENTER, '96, Business Manager.

Associate Editors.

FRANK E. KNOWLES, '96,	
CHARLES F. LEONARD, '96,	LAWRENCE P. TOLMAN, '97,
HERBERT A. MORSE, '97,	HOWARD S. KNOWLTON, '98.
HERBERT L. DANIELS, '97, Assistant Business Manager.	

The *WPI* is published by the students of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, on alternate Saturdays during the Institute year.

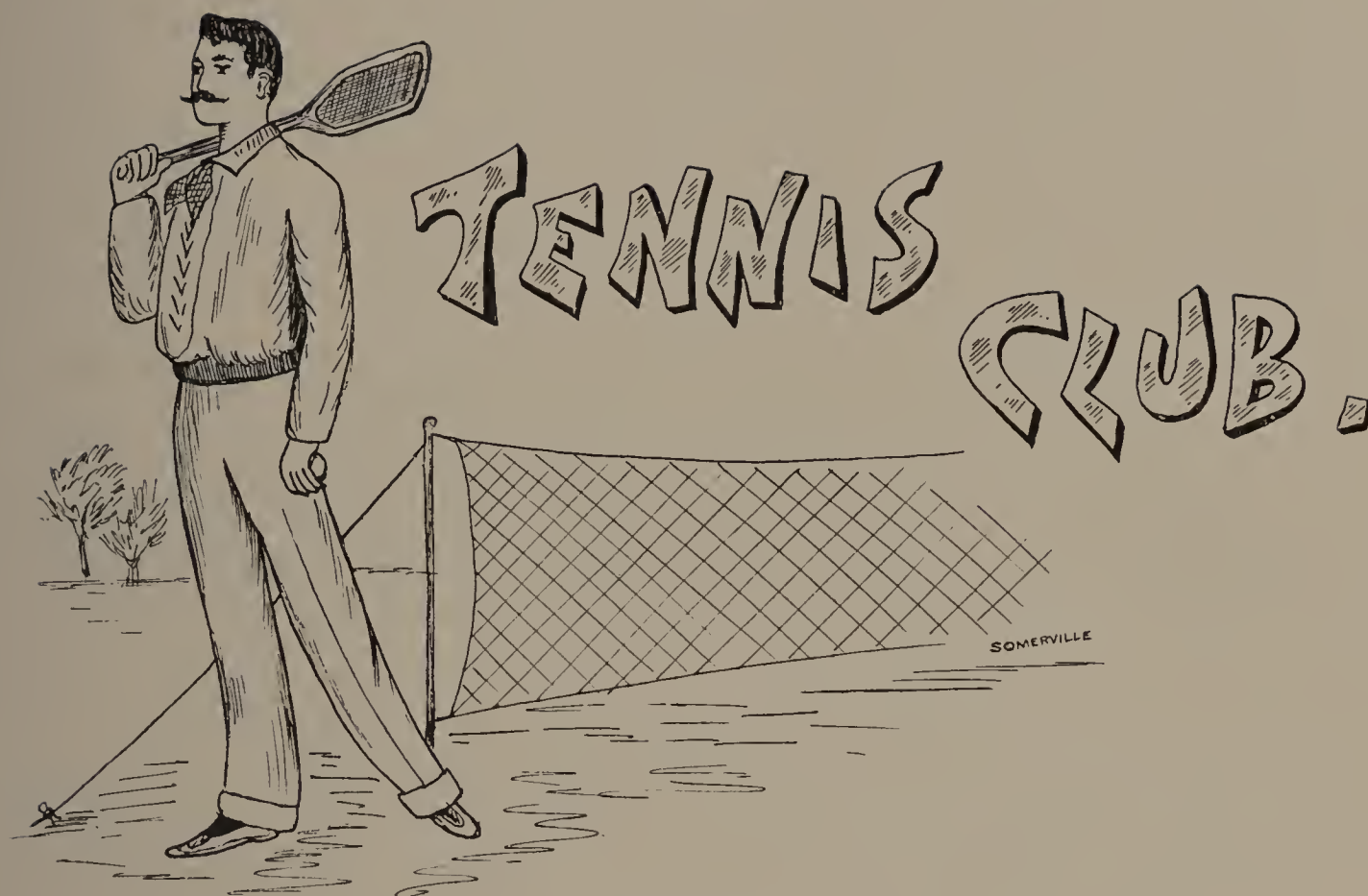


Officers.

President,	JOHN W. HIGGINS, '96.
Vice-President,	ELMER H. WILLMARTH, '97.
Recording Secretary,	WILLIAM B. BINGHAM, '98.
Corresponding Secretary,	EDWARD G. BECKWITH, '97.
Treasurer,	ARTHUR T. FULLER, '98.

Committees.

Prayer-Meeting,	CHARLES T. HAWLEY, '98, Chairman.
Membership,	ELMER H. WILLMARTH, '97, Chairman.
Hand-Book,	FRANCIS H. BRIGHAM, '96, Chairman.



Officers.

From September, 1893, to September, 1894.

President,	HENRY J. FULLER, '95.
Vice-President,	PHILIP GOODRICH, '96.
Secretary-Treasurer,	GEORGE O. SANFORD, '95.

Directors.

HENRY J. FULLER, '95,
 GEORGE O. SANFORD, '95,
 PHILIP GOODRICH, '96,
 RALPH E. FISH, '97.

Any student may become a member by paying an admission fee of two dollars.

The Association has four dirt courts on the Institute grounds, and possesses the Landsing cup, presented by Jang Landsing, '87. The holder of this cup must play the winner of the tournament in singles each fall.

The cup now bears the following names :

1888.—H. L. DADMUN, '91.

1889-'90-'91.—H. M. SOUTHGATE, '92.

1892-'93-'94.—J. J. COBURN, '95.



Officers.

G. W. HEALD, '94, Leader.

H. P. LINNELL, '94, Manager.

E. A. COPELAND, '95, Accompanist.

1st Tenors:—G. W. HEALD, '94,
CHARLES N. CHAMBERS, '94,

CHARLES F. PERRY, '94,
F. H. CRAIG.

2d Tenors:—A. B. GROUT, '94,
G. O. SANFORD, '95,

C. H. DWINNELL, '94,
F. H. CARDWELL, '95,
F. J. ZAEDER, '96.

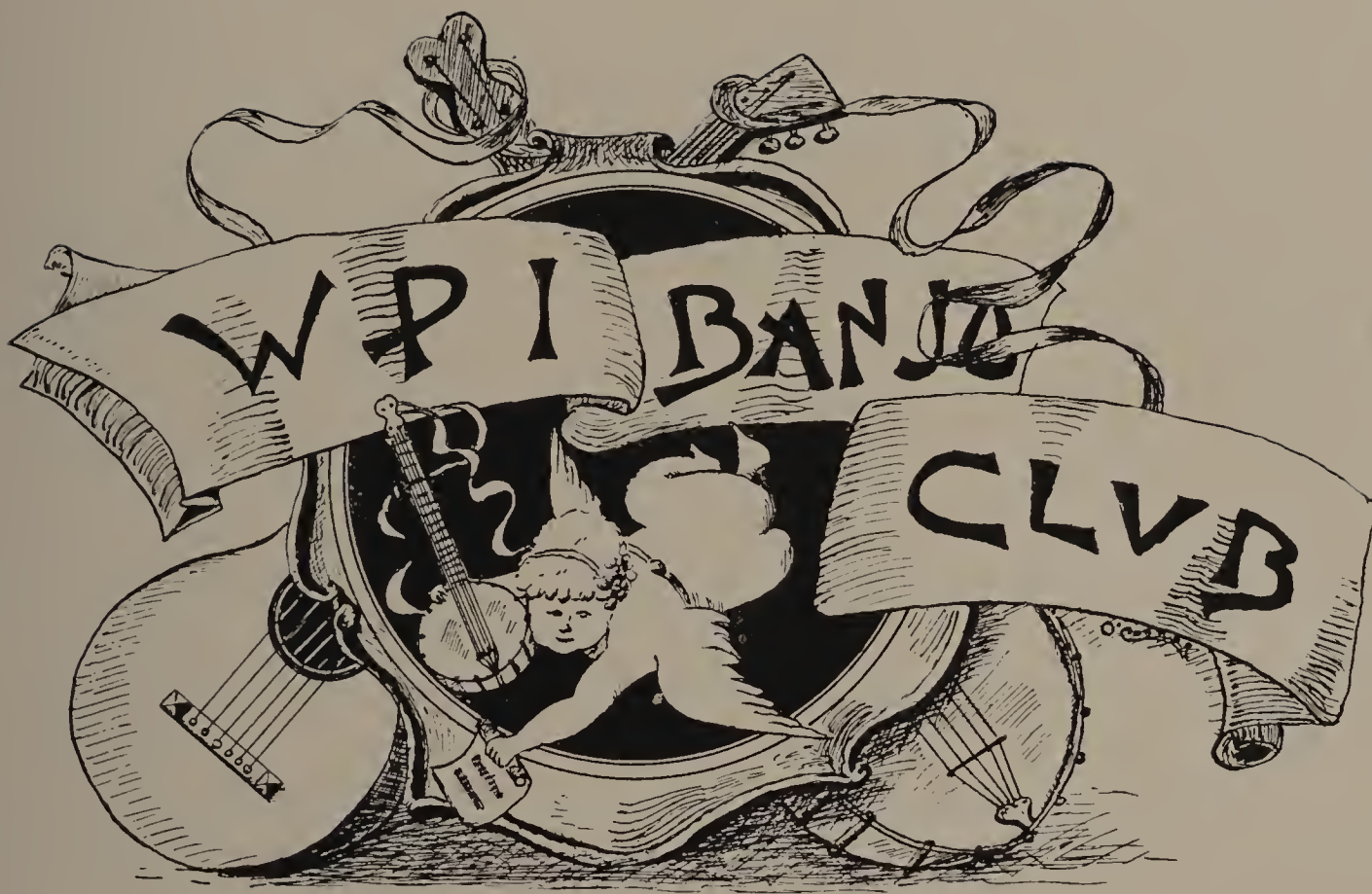
1st Basses:—E. L. BURDICK, '94,
H. L. COBB, '94,

E. W. PECK, '94,
A. W. MERCHANT, '96.

2d Basses:—THEO. LAMSON, '96,

R. H. TAYLOR, '95,
H. P. LINNELL, '94.

The W. P. I. Glee Club was organized in the Spring of 1894. The Club joined forces with the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs and gave three concerts. Owing to the preparation and presentation of the burlesque, nothing has been done during the season of '95.



HERBERT J. CHAMBERS, '95, Leader.
WILLIAM E. CARROLL, '97, Manager.

Banjos :

HERBERT J. CHAMBERS, '95.

ARTHUR W. WALLS, '95.

EVERETT F. DARLING, '96.

ALBERT J. GIFFORD, '96.

ALBERT B. STONE, '96.

WILLIAM E. CARROLL, '97.

Guitars :

TIMOTHY F. O'CONNOR, '95.

JAMES T. ROOD, '98.

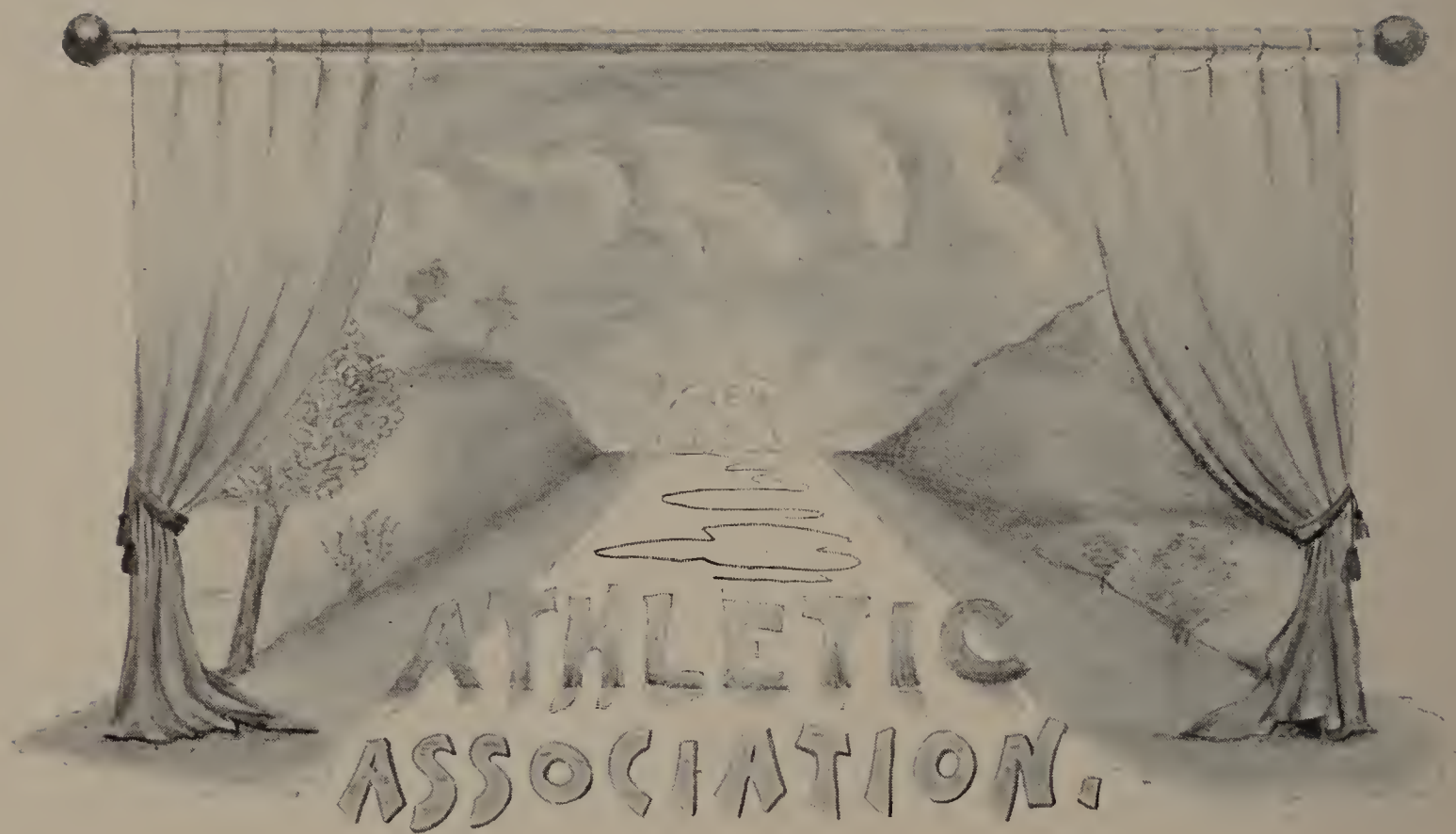
THEODORE LAMSON, '97.



Officers.

President,	H. J. FULLER, '95.
Vice-President,	A. L. SMITH, '90.
Secretary and Treasurer,	J. W. HIGGINS, '96.

This society has changed in the past year, and now any one interested in the "Art" is a member. The Club supports a dark-room in Boynton Hall, open to all, and the annual exhibitions of the "Camera Fiend," are still given in the Mechanical Model Room.



Officers.

President,	CHARLES A. HARRINGTON.
Vice-President	FRANCIS H. BRIGHAM.
Secretary,	FRANK E. KNOWLES.
Treasurer,	JAMES B. MAYO.

Directors.

PROF. LEONARD P. KINNICUTT,
JOSEPH BEALS,
EDWARD G. PENNIMAN, '89,
GEORGE A. DENNY, '95,
HERBERT H. MORSE, '97,

PROF. LEVI L. CONANT,
ALBERT A. GORDON, JR., '86,
ELMER H. FISH, '92,
RAYMOND C. HARRIS, '96,
DANIEL B. DIMICK, '98,

THE PRESIDENT, *ex-officio*.

W. P. I. A. A.

PREVIOUS to this year the three branches of athletics, track athletics, football, and base-ball, have been carried on under separate associations, all students being members of each. Last Fall, however, was destined to witness a change. Our new president, Dr. T. C. Mendenhall, having investigated the management of the different associations, decided that it was undesirable for these associations, composed of the same members and having the same general object in view, to exist separately, since he thought a more efficient management could be obtained by uniting the three associations into one.

At a mass meeting of the students this idea of consolidation was presented. A committee, consisting of the presidents of the three associations interested in this movement, was chosen to confer with Dr. Mendenhall in regard to the subject, and, if the union was thought advisable, to draw up a constitution for the government of the same. At a mass meeting, held December twelfth, the report of the committee in favor of the consolidation was accepted. After the acceptance of this report each of the three original associations called a meeting and disbanded, thus opening the way for the formation of the new association. Since the previous meeting the committee had been busily at work and, together with members of the Faculty, had carefully drawn up a constitution for the new association. This constitution was presented to the association for approval, and was accepted.

In order to get the Association into working order it was necessary to go beyond the constitution and elect a board of directors, whose duty it was to make arrangements for the election of officers, as provided for by the constitution. It is there stated that all officers shall be elected by ballot. The names of all candidates for office shall be posted on the bulletin board by a nominating committee, two weeks before the election. One week before election there shall be added to this list all names proposed as candidates which have been vouched for by the signature of ten members of the Association.

On January fourth a meeting was called for the election of these officers. The result of this election is stated above. Thus, on January 4th, 1895, the Worcester Polytechnic Institute Athletic Association came into existence with its full corps of officers.

It may be well to state more explicitly the reasons for the formation of this new Association, and the advantage which it is expected will be derived from it. For several years it has been quite noticeable that the students showed much more interest in general athletics and foot-ball than in base-ball. Although it has not been the desire of the students to do away with base-ball, they have supported it neither with their money nor with their efforts. Last year the state of affairs in this regard was changed. Under the efficient management of Mr. Gordon, interest in the game was thoroughly aroused, and the best team in the history of the Institute was developed. With such a nine representing the Institute, money came into the treasury more freely, so that at the end of the season the Base-Ball Association had a firmer footing financially than the other two associations.

Notwithstanding the fact that all three associations were composed of the same members, there were in each association certain leaders who strove to advance the cause of that one association above that of the others, so that a marked rivalry existed between them. By forming one association, with one treasury and one management, each association would derive the advantage of the common treasury and not be wholly dependent financially upon the money contributed for that special branch of athletics. This may seem unfair to the most popular branch, but it is all for one cause and, as has been shown above, at the present time all three branches stand on nearly equal footing financially, so that partiality in this direction will only have to be shown to tide one or the other over some hard place. Also, by this union, it is expected that the rivalry which existed will disappear and all will work together in harmony, knowing that the success of any one undertaking is for the advantage of all alike. With one management the advisability of any undertaking can be looked at with a view to the advantage of all.

The general formation of the Association is similar to that of other associations, but some of the special features of organization will be referred to. The officers are all elected for a term of one year instead of six months, as has heretofore been the custom. All students are eligible to membership by paying the sum of fifty cents semi-annually. The nominating committee and the election of officers by ballot, to which mention was made above, are some of the good features of the constitution. The nominating committee is appointed by the

directors, the vice-president of the Association being chairman. The Board of Directors is composed of eleven members : three from the Faculty, three from the Alumni, one from each of the four classes of the Institute, and the president of the association, *ex-officio*. This board is directly responsible for the management of everything pertaining to athletics. The managers of the base-ball and foot-ball teams are elected by the members of the Association, and the captains, by the members of the respective teams. The captain of the track athletics is chosen by the directors. All these managers and captains are held responsible to the directors, and must render a full account of all expense incurred, for their approval. In this way all expenditures made by the treasurer are approved, and a full account of the amount spent on athletics is obtained. The board of directors is divided into three sub-committees, each of these committees having special charge of one of the branches of athletics.

In placing members of the Faculty and Alumni on the Board of Directors it was hoped that they would join the students in their efforts to promote the cause of athletics. The result of this movement has been a greater success, even, than was hoped for. They have entered heartily into the work and are doing their utmost to make athletics a success. Not only are they helping by their own personal efforts, but they are stirring up interest among the Trustees and are also giving financial aid. The students fully appreciate this kindness and generosity on their part, and as a result more enthusiasm is shown among them than has been seen for many a day. More men are training for the track and field events, and there are more candidates for the base-ball team than ever before.

Although the new Association has not been tested any length of time, in fact has hardly gotten into running order, it seems safe to predict that the union of the three separate associations has been a step in advance, the benefits of which will be seen in the future.

Alonzo S. Kimball.

ELECTED MOST POPULAR PROFESSOR BY THE CLASS OF '95.

ALONZO S. KIMBALL was born in 1843 at Center Harbor, New Hampshire. After having fitted at the New Hampton Academy, Mr. Kimball entered Amherst College, from which institution he graduated in 1866.

After leaving college, Professor Kimball went to Webster, Mass., where he taught Mathematics in the High School for four years, and from there to the Highland Military Academy of Worcester, where he taught one year.

In 1871 Professor Kimball came to the Worcester Free Institute of Industrial Science, to teach Mathematics. A year later he was called to occupy the chair of Physics and Electrical Engineering, which position he continues to fill. He is a Trustee of Mount Holyoke College, and frequently lectures there.

His course of instruction is most interesting and thorough, and his kindly disposition and willingness to assist those whom he instructs will ever be remembered by us.





President,	FRANK C. HARRINGTON.
Vice-President,	RAYMOND R. SMITH.
Secretary,	HOWARD S. KNOWLTON.
Treasurer,	WILLIAM B. BICKNELL.

Freshman Class.

Chemistry.

BROWN, CHARLES A.

NEWCOMB, ARTHUR S.

FALES, ALMON L.

THRASHER, EDWARD C.

Civil Engineering.

GREEN, PAUL S.

MURLLESS, CHARLES S.

LEE, GEORGE W.

PAIGE, HARRY B.

Mechanical Engineering.

ALLEN, WILLIAM G.

HENTZ, LOUIS A.

BALL, ALLISON P.

HILL, HENRY A.

BICKNELL, WILLIAM B.

HITCHCOCK, ALFRED O., JR.

BINGHAM, WILLIAM B.

JOHNSON, J. LOVELL.

BLOSS, GILBERT.

KNOWLES, RALPH R.

BOOTH, CHARLES A.

KNOWLTON, HOWARD S.

BROWN, GEORGE D.

MACOMBER, HARRY F.

CRAIG, FRANK E.

MOODY, HERBERT A.

CROSS, EDMUND R.

NELSON, THOMAS L., JR.

DIMICK, DANIEL B.

NELSON, WILLARD B.

ELLIOT, I. FENNO.

PERKINS, WILEY H.

FERRY, WINTHROP H.

PRINCE, BURTON A.

FULLER, ARTHUR T.

REED, KARL B.

FULLER, HENRY M.

ROOD, JAMES T.

FULLER, WALTER C.

SLADER, WALTER.

HALL, CLARENCE M.

SMITH, HARRY C.

HARRINGTON, FRANK C.

SMITH, LEON.

HASTINGS, HARRY L.

SMITH, RAYMOND R.

HAWLEY, CHARLES T.

SYNYER, CLIFTON B.

HAYES, ALBERT E.

WHITTEMORE, FREDERIC W.



'Ninety=Eight.

Boom gee boom, boom gee boom,
 Boom gee rickety, Boom! Boom! Boom!
 Ee, Ee, Ee, Ha, Ha, Ha.
 Polytech! 'Ninety-eight!
 Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

THE PROCESSES of nature go on, from year to year, with very little variety. Every Autumn brings forth its crop of more or less verdant raw material, and the mode of production is alike for all. It is, therefore, unnecessary to investigate '98's formative period, but let it be understood that we climbed Tech Hill with the usual amount of trepidation in our breasts, and cribs on our cuffs, took our entrance exams and received neat postals informing us that we were admitted to the Institute with one, two, three, or no conditions, according to our varied needs, just as our predecessors have done and our successors will do, till Time and Freshmen shall be no more.

But with our actual advent all similiarity to the common run of entrance classes was lost sight of, and we hold the proud distinction of being the only thing under the sun of which there is no duplicate.¹ In the first place, owing to Democratic prosperity, we are one of the smallest classes ever in the Institute, but we are the Four Hundred—divided by ten. We came from everywhere, and there *was* one man from Cherry Valley, but he came in every day on the electrics, and the sudden and frequent changes of climate were too much for him, and he succumbed in January, being our only deserter so far.

In spite of our liberal supply of brass we were nearly disheartened by our introduction to Prof. Gladwin, for we were convinced by his nervous gestures and habit of waving the red flag on every possible occasion, that he must be an Anarchist, but later, his evident hatred of "Rebellion, Rebellion," and his inordinate desire for "Two pennies, two pennies," every other day, proved the inaccuracy of our first estimate. In the Shop we are the delight of Mr. Badger's heart, for we only give the G. W. and other vocal atrocities once in fifteen minutes, which is slightly under the usual average. He also expresses his deep appreciation of our invention of the hydraulic shell, which consists of a stout paper bag, filled with H₂O from Leicester, and tied securely with a string. When

skillfully delivered this is a weapon most disastrous in its results and surely destined to revolutionize modern warfare. Several of our members have already testified their attachment to the Shop, by leaving portions of their anatomy with the buzz-saw, as mementoes.* In the Labs we have taken a very thorough course in mental arithmetic and extemporaneous addition, under Dr. Kinnicutt, and have incidentally learned a little chemistry. Our only colossal snap is in Invent, where we gently sink to repose, as Mr. Beals considers the problem, when the sum of a and b equals zero, and again when it is only half as great. We thought we were persecuted during the first half, in having French and Algebra, but for fear of having this article suppressed, I dare not give the class opinion of Dutch and Trig.

'Ninety-eight in athletics would furnish the title of a very large and entertaining volume, but it must suffice to call attention to our foot-ball eleven, which played, and succeeded in holding, what was practically the 'Varsity team, our contributions to the Tech eleven, our track and field men, who give promise of most excellent results in the future, and to our relay team, which, though unsuccessful in its first attempt, was so solely on account of lack of concerted practice. We can point with pride to the work already done by Hitchcock in the 40, by Booth, Hastings, R. R. Smith, Whittemore, Dimick, Macomber and Brown in the 600 and 1,000, and by Harrington and L. Smith in the pole-vault and high jump. We have also two crack bicyclists, Johnson and Perkins. Several of our men are also showing up well in the preliminary base-ball practice.

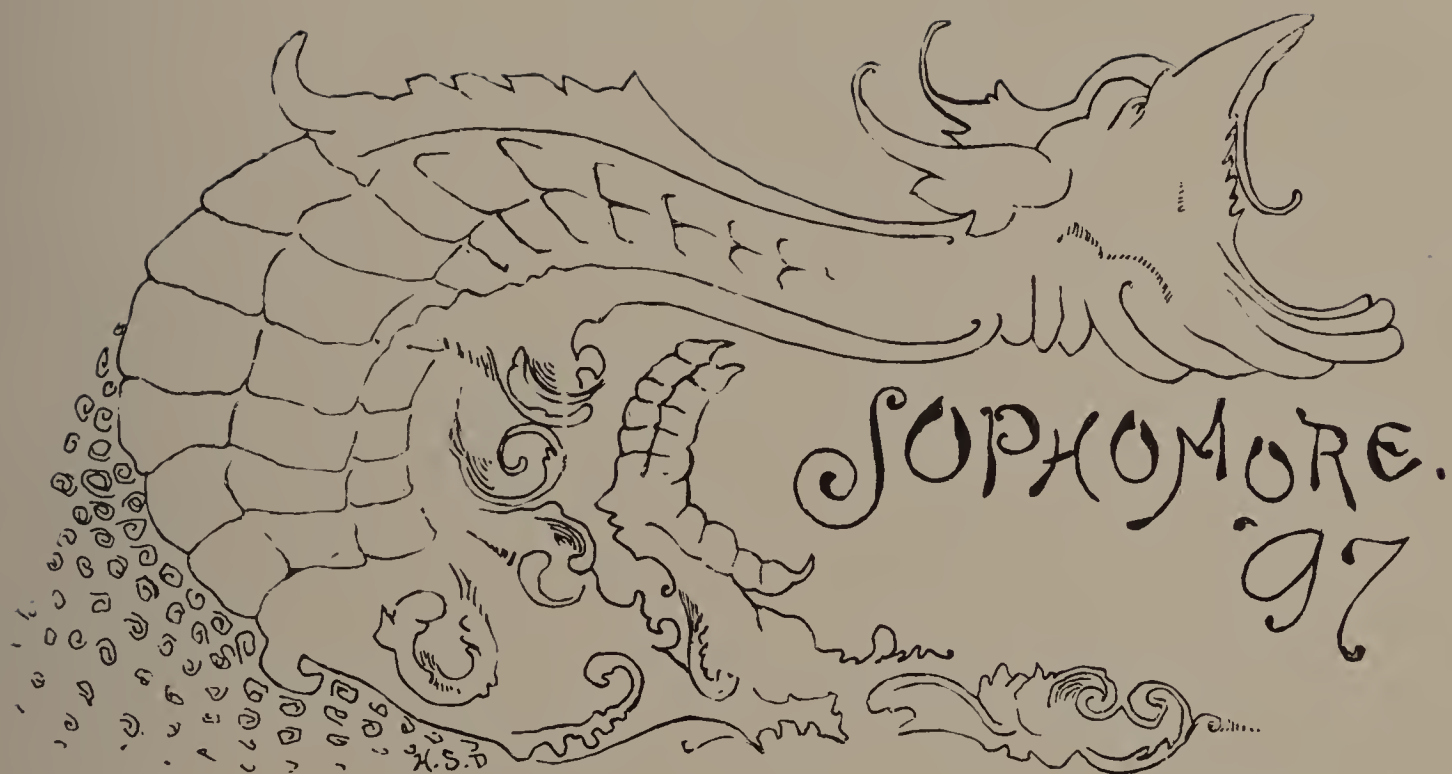
As a body, '98 is possessed of a strong class spirit, but goes on the principle of live and let live, as was shown by our Christian forbearance in letting '97 have their recent supper in *peace*, although the opportunity was by no means lacking to make them have it in *pieces*.² But, in spite of our clannishness, we are members of the Institute, and as loyal sons of Tech, '98 men will ever be ready to bear her blue and gold wherever the glory of *alma mater* shall demand. In short, while we may never raise the earth's temperature above its ignition point, we shall try to conduct ourselves from day to day in such manner as to keep that planet apprised of our existence,³ and when we leave that part of it on which the Institute stands, we hope we shall have established a record equal to that of the ancient barbarian, who boasted that he had never been surpassed by any man either in good or evil.

[NOTES BY THE EDITOR:

1. Heaven be praised!

2. Ha! Ha!

3. The fulfillment of this wish ought not to be long postponed if our young friends continue to talk in as loud a tone as they are pleased to use in their short history.]



Officers.

President,	ARCHIE W. MERCHANT.
Vice-President,	RALPH E. FISH.
Secretary,	ROY A. BARNARD.
Treasurer,	EDWARD E. PEASE.

Sophomore Class.

Chemistry.

DAY, CHARLES F.	EARLE, RICHARD B.
ELLINWOOD, GEORGE H.	

Civil Engineering.

DANA, WILLIAM S. B.	POWERS, CHARLES F.
MOLLOY, THOMAS M.	SMITH, FRANK W.
MORSE, HERBERT H.	WALKER, EDWARD L.

Mechanical Engineering.

BARNARD, ROY A.	KEYES, I. GEORGE.
BECKWITH, EDWARD G.	LAMSON, THEODORE.
BROWN, JOSEPH E.	LANCASTER, HENRY S.
CARROLL, WILLIAM E.	LUNDGREN, OSCAR W.
CHALFANT, CHARLES C.	MERCHANT, ARCHIE W.
COGHLIN, PETER A.	PAINE, ELLERY B.
CUNDALL, ROBERT N.	PEASE, EDWARD E.
CURRIER, HERBERT E.	PHILPOT, GEORGE L.
DANIELS, HERBERT L.	STONE, WILLIAM H.
DAVIS, LLOYD J.	STORER, EDWIN I.
DURAND, ARTHUR H.	SULLIVAN, CHARLES D.
EAMES, BURTON E.	THROOP, GEORGE WILLIAM.
EDWARDS, WILLIAM D.	TOLMAN, LAWRENCE P.
FISH, RALPH E.	WALSH, JAMES T.
GOUGH, HARRY E.	WHEELER, HARRY E.
GREENWOOD, CHARLES H.	WHITNEY, CHESTER M.

WILLMARTH, ELMER H.

General Scientific.

BRAMAN, WINFRED W.	LIBBEY, FRANK E.
--------------------	------------------



'Ninety=Seven.

JUST as the heroes of the Iliad sang their own praises before beginning battle, so it is apparently the custom for each class in the Institute to strive to out-do the other classes in the boasts of its achievements, and so the Class of '97 must needs put aside her delicate feelings of modesty and follow this time-honored custom.

The Class of '97 has now existed almost two years. The week of exams which closed our Freshman year, played sad havoc among our members. And, when we viewed our serried ranks at the beginning of our Sophomore year, there was fear as to whether there would be any one left in the class at the end of our course. However, '96 kindly came to our aid, and loaned us several of her members for an indefinite period, so that our numbers are now as large as when we entered.

Our Sophomore year, however, has been somewhat more prosperous. Although we have not ceased to get the axe, still the Faculty evidently wield it more mercifully than they did when we were called Freshmen. During the year we have been introduced into the mysteries of Analytical Geometry and Calculus, and feel deep gratitude for the interest which has always been taken in our shoe leather. We have "considered objects in space," and struggled safely through one term, at least, of that deadly Descrip which has swamped so many of our predecessors. Physics came near being fatal for some of us, but we have all managed to scramble through it, so far, although it makes us a little dizzy, at times. German has been our "meat." "*Brich-ab, Georg, brich-ab.*" "Break away, George, break away," is an example of our truly up-to-date translations. The high standing which is enjoyed by the class in general, was shown by the large number of students who took advantage of the 80 per cent. rule, and gained a few extra days of vacation during the mid-year examination week.

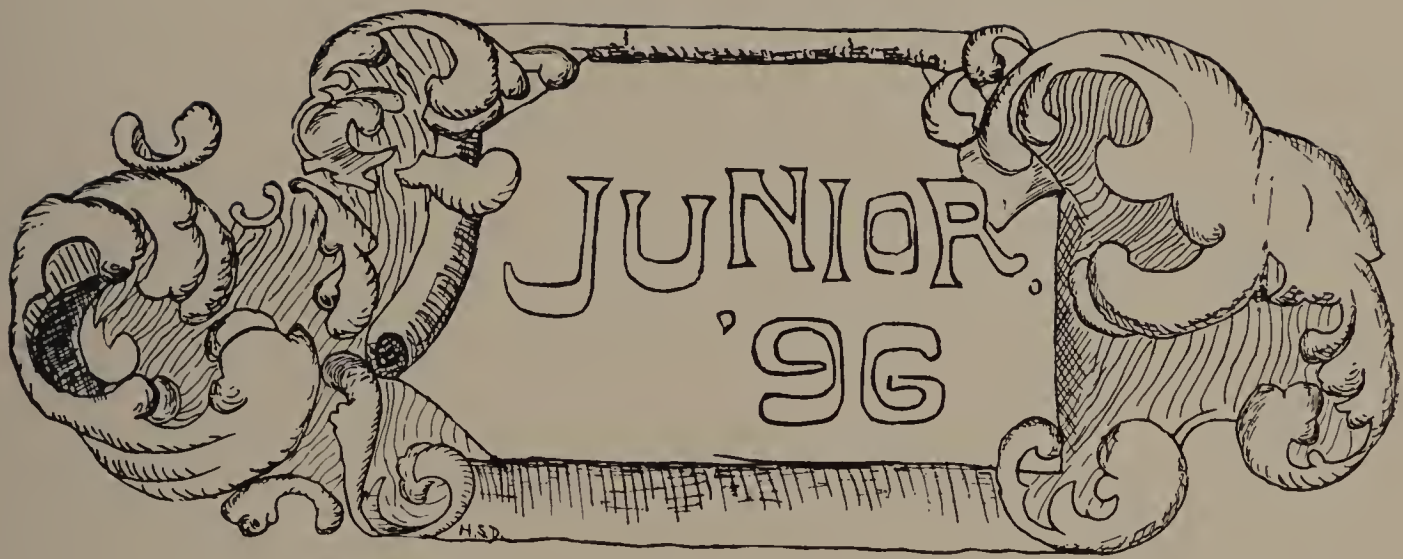
In athletics, '97's modest, retiring nature, is, perhaps, a little too evident. Nevertheless, in spite of the lack of enthusiasm in this respect, which is shown

by the majority of the class, we have a few stars who have managed to uphold the honor of '97. During the foot-ball season, Bert Morse put up a fine game behind the line, and was a great ground gainer through the centre. In the In-door meet at the Rink, '97 made a fine showing. Lundgren and Brown won respectively first and second places in the thousand yards run, and we certainly gave '95 all they could handle in the struggle for first in the team race. 'Ninety-six undoubtedly has a cinch on the base-ball nine, but here again we have one of the stars—Philpot, who had the good taste to join us last September.

Our second annual Class Supper was held on the evening of March 21, at the Lincoln House. The excellent *ménu*, and the witty toasts, served to make the evening very enjoyable. Indeed, some of our recruits from '96 who attended the Half-Way Thro' Supper at Providence, said that the latter was not in it with our more unpretentious repast.

In the burlesque, "Shylock, Jr.," '97 carried off a good share of the laurels. Not only was the class largely represented in the ballet and chorus, but three of the principals belonged to our ranks. There was Lamson, as *Antonio*, whose melancholy smile was one of the features of the show. Merchant made the most of the part of *Gobbo*, and Throop, as *Shylock*, was disguised beyond recognition. But what we are most proud of, is the fact that W. S. B. Dana, the composer of all the bright and catchy music, is a member of '97.

And thus we might point out, one after another, the various ways in which '97 excels, if our great modesty and the lack of space did not forbid.



Officers.

President,	HORACE CARPENTER.
Vice-President,	R. SANFORD RILEY.
Secretary,	CHARLES F. LEONARD.
Treasurer,	JOHN C. TILTON.

Junior Class.

Mechanical Engineering.

ALDERMAN, GEORGE D.	HEATH, FRANK C.
ALFORD, LEON P.	HIGGINS, JOHN W.
BARBOUR, PERCY E.	JENCKS, HOLLIS W.
BASCOM, FRANK P.	KNOWLES, FRANK E.
BEYER, HENRY.	LEONARD, CHARLES F.
BRIGHAM, FRANCIS H.	MAYO, JAMES B.
BROWN, ELLIS E.	MCCLURE, HARRY T.
BUNKER, RALPH F.	MOSMAN, ERNEST.
CARPENTER, HORACE.	PHELPS, HERVEY G.
CHALFANT, CHARLES C.	POLK, ROGER W.
CHALFANT, JOHN W., JR.	REED, CHESTER A.
COE, THOMAS H.	RILEY, R. SANFORD.
CONGDON, FRANK E.	ROSS, FRANK E.
CRAWSHAW, FRED D.	SIBLEY, ARTHUR A.
CULLEN, EDWARD L.	SOUTHWICK, WILLIAM S.
CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM H.	STOCKDALE, FRANK A.
DARLING, EVERETT F.	STONE, ALBERT B.
FISHER, THOMAS F.	STONE, WILLIAM H.
FULLER, WALTER M.	TILTON, JOHN C.
GAY, FREDERICK W.	VAUGHN, CHARLES F.
GIBBS, GEORGE S.	WALTER, CHARLES V.
GIFFORD, ALBERT J.	WARE, CHARLES P.
GOODRICH, PHILIP.	WARREN, HARRY M.
HARRIS, C. RAYMOND.	ZAEDER, FREDERICK J.



'Ninety=Six.

“Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Sending me this acquaintance.”—*King Lear*.

AS SUCH an opportunity had been extended to the class but twice before, it was naturally somewhat bashful when called upon to appear in print, *i. e.*, in the “Aftermath of '95.”

Since the last publication of this sort, the present Juniors have not been idle. We have a mascot, which is indeed our dear friend, and in selecting it, we were what might by some be called “foxy.” We chose a bloody-looking battle axe, wrought by our own hands in the Prep room, but it was not our desire to have it understood to be a declaration of war; as a matter of fact, it has proved to be a declaration of peace, (or pieces, after the '95-'96 base-ball game in June, '93). No one knows, but perhaps it was because of this, that we have not been molested in any way, since our formation, not even by '95, when we were in our Prep days, when the snow lay inches deep on the ground, and when we were anxious to test our “metal” as well as our wood. It is also true that this beloved mascot headed our Half-Way Thro' celebration. This event was not interfered with by the Sophomores, and, it might be added, that our banquet was the first one not to receive some hindrance from its opponents. Now, we do not know whether our mascot thus preserved the Sophomores, but, if so, the Class of '97, instead of holding its banquet next year, should send us some substantial token of thanks for their existence at the present time. Now, '97, here is a possible chance to show your generous spirit, and let us know that you appreciate our thoughtfulness for your welfare.

In base-ball we still hold the fort against all comers, and our endeavors to uphold the Tech in this line seem to be appreciated. In foot-ball we also have

striven well and have received our reward, in that five of our men were on the 'Varsity last fall.

Physics seemed, this year, a decided pleasure, and we rode smoothly over the troubled currents of electricity under Kimmie's able guidance. It has been said "comparisons are odious." Prof. U. Waldo Cutler appeared to appreciate the kindness Division A conferred upon him by accepting his instruction in Dutch. At all events it was only through his help and that of an able-bodied draughting horse that it managed to overcome Freytag and Ekkehard. We were sorry not to have the instruction of "the Doctor" in Mineralogy, but rumor says that we pass in the subject. Yet, in spite of this, in the language of Dr. Jennings, "your instructor is not a mineralogist." We are prepared to prove this statement of our instructor untrue, and we give Dr. Jennings our sincere thanks for his patience and for his efficient lectures. Analyt proved a stumbling block to very few of us, while Calculus, under "the friend of athletics," was made a pleasure.

As a whole, our Junior year has been one of pleasure, and we are doubtful, if, as Seniors, we can have a more enjoyable career, but, nevertheless, it must be said, that we look forward to graduation and its joys with feelings akin to pleasure.



Officers.

President,	HARRY S. DAVIS.
Vice-President,	WM. H. MORSE, JR.
Secretary,	CLARENCE W. BARTON.
Treasurer,	GEORGE C. GORDON.
Ath. Director,	GEORGE A. DENNY.

Senior Class.

Chemistry.

ALBERTSON, CHARLES W.	KILLAM, W. STANLEY.
DOE, ALEXANDER W.	LECLERC, J. ARTHUR.
FARWELL, SEYMOUR A.	TILDEN, JOSEPH M.
FIELD, HERBERT E.	

Civil Engineering.

BURTON, NORMAN G.	SAVAGE, BERTRAM E.
PICKWICK, EDWIN J.	SOMERVILLE, FRED H.
SANFORD, GEORGE O.	WELLINGTON, WILLIAM O.

Electrical Engineering.

ABBOTT, HARRY L.	GILBERT, FRANK E.
BARBER, HARRY R.	GORDON, GEORGE C.
BRYANT, FRANK J.	HARRINGTON, CHARLES A.
CARDWELL, HARRY W.	LELAND, HARRY W.
CHAMBERS, HERBERT J.	O'CONNOR, TIMOTHY F.
CLAPP, MARTIN H.	STONE, FRED L.
CLEMENT, ALVAH W.	TEMPLE, HENRY D.
COPELAND, EUGENE A.	THAYER, J. WARREN.
DAVIS, GEORGE P.	WALSH, JAMES.
DAVIS, HARRY S.	WARREN, AMBROSE G.
DENNY, GEORGE A.	WARREN, ALBA H.
FAY, ALBERT E.	WELLINGTON, FRANK E.

Mechanical Engineering.

BARTON, CLARENCE W.	MARTIN, FRED M.
BROOKS, CHARLES C.	MORSE, WILLIAM H., JR.
FAVOR, HENRY S.	TAYLOR, ROBERT H.
FULLER, HENRY J.	VAN OSTRAND, HARRY T.
HITCHCOCK, FRED M.	WALLS, ARTHUR W.
HOWE, ALBERT W.	WARREN, VAIL.

Past Members.

ALLEN, CHESTER B.
 ABBOTT, HARRY L.
 ADAMS, HOLLIS A.
 BROWN, EDWARD W.
 BENTON, CECIL R.
 BRIGHAM, FRANCIS H.
 CLARK, WALTER A.
 COBURN, JESSE J.
 DOVE, FRANK B.
 EDMANDS, FRANK.
 EARLE, RALPH.
 FLETCHER, ROBERT S.
 GILE, WILLIAM W.
 GIBBS, GEORGE S.
 GRANGER, ARCHY O.
 GREEN, CHARLES M.
 GREENWOOD, HARRY D.
 HOUGHTON, FREDERICK D.
 HOWE, WILSON T.
 HOWE, LEON S.
 HAPGOOD, WALTER E.
 HENTZ, LOUIS A.
 KENNEDY, ALEXANDER D.
 KELTON, FRANK E.

LIBBEY, FRANK E.
 LYON, WALTER S.
 MCFADDEN, FAY.
 MERRICK, J. LEONARD.
 MAYNARD, DANIEL.
 MORGAN, RALPH L.
 MUIR, KENNETH, M.
 NUTT, ARTHUR C.
 PARKS, FREDERICK W.
 PHINNEY, FRANK F.
 POORE, GEORGE W.
 ROLLINS, GEORGE O.
 SMITH, FRANK W.
 SMITH, HOWARD E.
 SUMNER, LEROY.
 SELLEW, MERLE E.
 SPENCER, G. CARL.
 STONE, WILLIAM H.
 TOWNSEND, CHARLES A.
 THRASHER, NED C.
 WEATHERWAX, J. ENSIGN.
 WARE, ARTHUR L.
 WARE, CHARLES P.
 WELLINGTON, FRANK E.

Officers of the Class of '95.

Apprentice Year.

President,	CHARLES A. HARRINGTON.
Vice-President,	FREDERICK W. PARKS.
Secretary,	HENRY J. FULLER.
Treasurer,	ALBA H. WARREN.
Athletic Directors,	{ HARRY W. LELAND, HARRY S. DAVIS.

Sophomore Year, 1st Half.

President,	FREDERICK W. PARKS.
Vice-President,	FRANCIS H. BRIGHAM.
Secretary,	ALBA H. WARREN.
Treasurer,	ALEXANDER W. DOE.
Ath. Directors,	{ HARRY S. DAVIS, CHAS. A. HARRINGTON.

Sophomore Year, 2d Half.

President,	AMBROSE G. WARREN.
Vice-President,	GEORGE A. DENNY.
Secretary,	EDWARD C. THRASHER.
Treasurer,	HARRY S. DAVIS.
Ath. Directors,	{ CHAS. A. HARRINGTON, FRED L. STONE.

Junior Year, 1st Half.

President,	ALBA H. WARREN.
Vice-President,	ALVA W. CLEMENT.
Secretary,	HENRY D. TEMPLE.
Treasurer,	HARRY S. DAVIS.
Ath. Directors,	{ FRED L. STONE, ALEXANDER W. DOE.

Junior Year, 2d Half.

President,	HENRY D. TEMPLE.
Vice-President,	VAIL WARREN.
Secretary,	WM. O. WELLINGTON.
Treasurer,	ARTHUR W. WALLS.
Ath. Directors,	{ ALEXANDER W. DOE, CHAS. A. HARRINGTON.

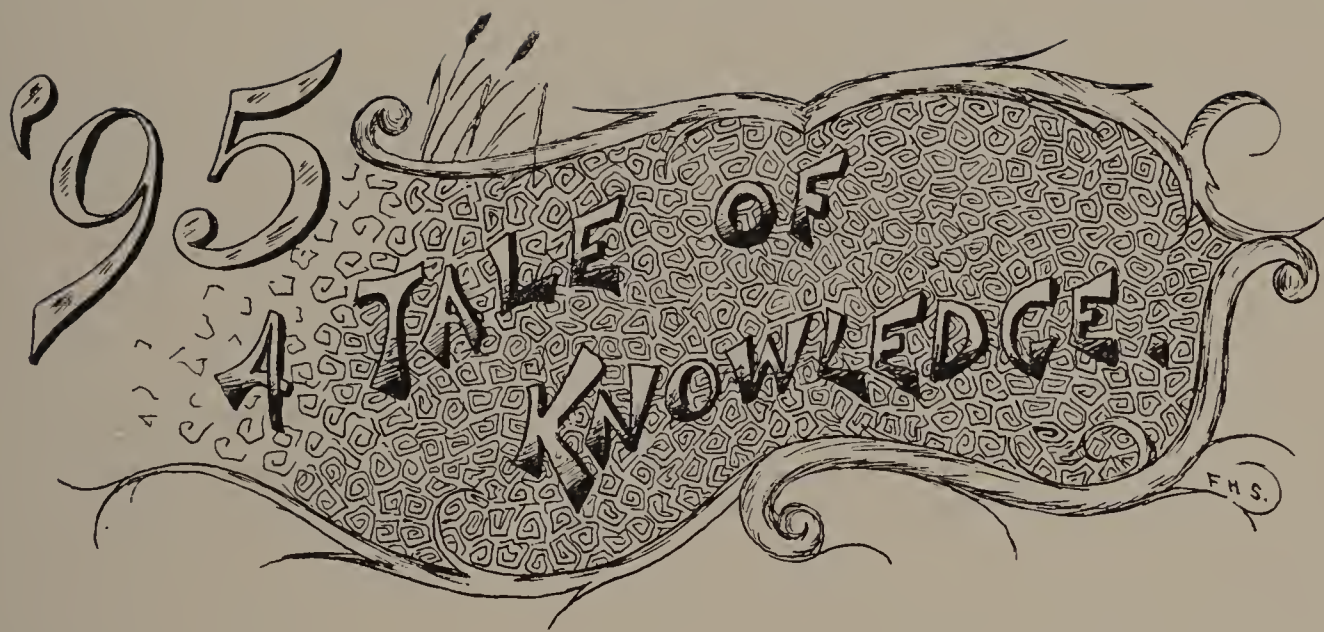
Senior Year, 1st Half.

President,	FRED M. MARTIN.
Vice-President,	FRANK E. WELLINGTON.
Secretary,	CLARENCE W. BARTON.
Treasurers,	{ HARRY S. DAVIS, GEORGE C. GORDON.
Ath. Director,	GEORGE A. DENNY.

Senior Year, 2d Half.

President,	HARRY S. DAVIS.
Vice-President,	WM. H. MORSE, JR.
Secretary,	CLARENCE W. BARTON.
Treasurer,	GEORGE C. GORDON.
Ath. Director,	GEORGE A. DENNY.





TO THOSE of you present here, who have not been with the Class of '95 in its labors and in its gambols, this title means but little. Yet, what a throng of memories it conjures up in the minds of those who have helped make the history. The tribulations, examinations, and all the petty trials of college life, perhaps, in more than ordinary numbers, have been our lot. And yet, our existence has not been an unhappy one during the past three and one-half years. We have tasted the pleasures of class friendship, though not so freely as others may have in institutions where the course of study is less exacting.

One duty done, we turn to meet the next. To-day we step forth from the fostering care of our kindly instructors, and turn to face the rude world. To-day we stand forth for the last time as the under-graduate Class of '95.

On January 20th, 1892, we gained our first experience in Tech exams. With fear and trembling we awaited the result. Sixty-three men were allowed to enter, and told to report to Sir Roger Badger, "Keeper of the Seal," and Prepdorm ruler, in the Washburn Shops. The advent of these men broke the impending corner in blue-drilling overalls and jumpers, and raised the price of carpenters' rules.

What youth, what beauty, and what genius, composed Mr. Badger's audience on that first morning in the Shops! His discourse, one of many, was on the duties, dangers and obligations of our position; and then we sawed wood. Some

of us, perceiving that our neighbors' piles of blocks did not increase rapidly, attempted to give aid, but our efforts were misunderstood, and our charitable intentions foiled.

The strain attendant on early rising was most severe upon our delicate constitutions, and our joy at the close of the day's labor was exceeding great. Indeed, this strain was so intense, that after four days the Doctor took it upon himself to give five of the more feeble men a short vacation. That his consideration was necessary, is shown by the fact that two of the men have since given up the fight, one going to Annapolis, the other to Harvard.

During our second week, we received two recruits from M. I. T.

In addition to our wood-room work, we paid regular visits to Professor Gladwin, Mr. Coombs and Mr. Beals.

Solid Geometry and advanced Algebra supplied reading for our evenings and made the half-year much harder for us than for any former class. However, we lived in the hope that future years would be the easier, by the same amount as the Prep year was harder, than for our predecessors.

We early gave indication of our athletic prowess, and incidentally showed our love for '94, by engaging in two snow-ball battles with them. The first was a decisive victory for '95, and we managed to "draw" the second, though greatly outnumbered.

Certain of the beaux of the class, deeming their reputations tarnished should they not provide pleasures which could be shared by their fair friends, arranged a sleigh-ride to Westboro. The affair was a great success, although it was well into the wee sma' hours when the 'bus returned to the city.

As time went on and our awe of upper classmen wore off, we mustered up courage to put forward artists for the minstrel show, and the Institute Banjo Club was but an enlargement of our class organization, of the same sort. The trip of the minstrels to Upton will ever be remembered for its many sensations, and '95's representatives were quite as conspicuous as their elders.

Shortly after the Spring recess, occurred an event of the deepest moment to the Institute and to our class. The death of Professor Edward P. Smith was announced to us on the morning of May 4th. Dr. Smith's personality was remarkably strong, and we felt that much would have been gained to us could we have had the influence of his enthusiasm.

The beautiful Spring days passed rapidly, and we exchanged sketch books for the examination paper. Most of us managed to get through in Algebra and Geometry; and then we separated for the Summer.

The half-year had been productive of two events of importance: The Washburn Mechanical Engineering Society, since called the Washburn Engineering Society, was founded, and compulsory chapel was abolished. The shop addition was started during the Summer.

In September, six men failed to return, but their loss was compensated by the addition of twenty-five men in the Chemistry and Civil Engineering courses, making a total of eighty-two Juniors.

As we had entered on a new scheme of studies, our work was curiously arranged; but no matter how difficult, we ever consoled one another by the remark that the Faculty must let up soon, or graduate us at the end of our Middle year. Neither happened, however.

Our hour plan required us to attend recitations, (provided we feared over-working the sick excuse), in Trig, Intentional, English, Dutch, Chemistry and Physics. The Autumn passed uneventfully, although the foot-ball team, aided by the brawn and muscle of '95, made a good record.

January furnished some excitement. The examinations took from us eleven men; and '93, presumably to keep up our spirits, asked our aid in putting to a proper use, the wood which '94 had purchased for its bonfire.

With the opening of the new term, we launched forth in new waters. The boundaries, o'er which the foolish tried to pass, were made known by Analyt. The air was rent by the chords and discords of Descript. Mechanical Drawing became our pastime, and Trig, Intentional and English, became mere memories.

We attempted to do battle with '96, then entering on Prep life, but the fates, or rather the professors, were with them, and excused them from practice early in the afternoon of the appointed day, thus delivering them from our wrath.

The Tech Burlesque, "Jack and the Beanstalk," was presented two evenings in the middle of May. It was a revelation to friends of the Institute, and a success—instantaneous and great.

Athletics! As has been said, here '95 was in her element, and she walked off with the banner and a score larger than the sum of the points scored by all the other classes; and that after everyone had been prophesying big things for '94.

The next Autumn we returned, not as Middlers, but with our old title of Juniors. This is explained by the fact that the Faculty had changed the course of study in the Institute to four years, with '97 as the first Freshman class.

We Juniors were at once initiated into the mysteries of Calc and Poly Con and English Lit also haunted our waking hours. We soon learned that thought was not necessary for speech, and here at least demand did not create supply.

The hour-plans differed somewhat, but the Mechanics were obliged to spend thirty-five or thirty-seven hours a week at the Institute. The idea dawned on a few that, perchance, the reason for our extra Prep studies could be assigned to a desire on the part of our professors to teach us more, and great was the rejoicing thereat.

On October 27th, the class felt, for the first time, the finger of death. Frank B. Dove had been a favorite with all, and his loss was deeply mourned.

The foot-ball schedule showed games with several large colleges, and much interest was displayed in the practice of the eleven. The boom was aided by class rivalry, as many men played on the second eleven to get in trim for the class games. Ah! shall we ever forget that triumph? Back and forth went the ball, borne first by '94 and then by '95. But we were not to be withheld, and when it was all over, the championship was ours; '94 was beaten, 6-0.

The energies of the class were soon occupied in preparation for our Half-Way Thro' Supper. It was decided early in the Fall that Worcester could furnish no amusement commensurate with our abilities for enjoyment, and with characteristic boldness and perfect unanimity, the class selected Boston as the proper place for holding the banquet.

Examinations had certain claims upon us, but at last we were free, and on Friday afternoon, January 25th, the class started for the scene of festivities. Certain upper classmen instituted a scare, which served but to show the tireless activity of '95, and its genius for detective work.

After an evening spent at the theatres, the class assembled in the banquet hall of one of Boston's largest hotels, and the fun began. The *ménu* cards were very attractive and the grinds were bright. Supper over, we gave our attention to musical specialties, which entertained us till train time. And as we slumbered peacefully on our early morning ride, we had a dream, in which we heard voices of bearded youths, as from afar, saying: "We bow down to thee, oh '95, our conquerors;" and still again, from down-covered lips, came the shout: "Well done; our aim shall be to equal."

The Spring term passed rapidly on its course. No burlesque was to be produced, so base-ball and track sports busied us. The Inter-Class meet was a *cinch* for us, but our ardor was cooled when the Institute failed to score in the Inter-Collegiate games. The ball team made a fine record; the best Tech had ever shown in that branch of athletics.

During the Winter, the legislature of the State granted the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the equipment and advancement of the Institute.

Plans were made and with the close of the Spring term, work was begun on the new Mechanical Laboratory and on the Power House. In addition, work was pushed on the Hydraulic Plant at Chaffinsville, which was presented to the Institute by our friend and benefactor, the Honorable Stephen Salisbury. While we, as a class, are not to enjoy the benefits accruing from such increased facilities for instruction, we nevertheless perceive the advantage to future classes, and the great influence on the growth of the Institute, and are ready to add our mite of gratitude to that due the promoter.

Notable among the events of the year was the substitution of the ten per cent. system of cuts for the old excuse book régime.

At the close of the term, we learned, with deep regret, that Dr. Homer T. Fuller, President of the Faculty, was to leave. Each one of us realized that he had lost a friend who stood ever ready with sympathy or counsel, and one and all felt that a change, so late in our course, must be of disadvantage to us. We had enjoyed the high tide of prosperity brought the Institute by Dr. Fuller's earnest labor, and knew the extent of our indebtedness to him. Remembering this, it was with great sorrow we bade him farewell.

Fifty-six men returned last Fall to uphold the dignity and combat the difficulties of a Senior's position. Thermo and Steam supplied heat for the Mechanics, Organic made the Chemists change color, and Bridges were the bane of the Civils. Civil government, with its attendant debates, furnished our only intellectual recreation.

Dr. Thomas Corwin Mendenhall, our new President, arrived in October, and almost instantly won the liking and respect of the students. This feeling remains unchanged, save that it increases. But few innovations were made on the President's arrival, these few mainly in the direction of added lectures. Every two weeks, noted specialists in different departments of science, address the students, as a whole, and each week we Seniors have listened to the Doctor's interesting talks on "Astronomy, Relative to the Earth."

The foot-ball team showed that improvement over the preceding season which is expected in every progressive college. The game may be objectionable as played in some institutions, but rough play is certainly not one of the faults of Tech teams. No class games were played.

Several mass meetings of the students were held, and on December 12th a new athletic association was formed, comprising the old foot-ball, base-ball, track and polo associations. It was also voted, the Faculty approving, to give a burlesque.

Examinations now interrupted the current of our work, for a moment. When we recovered, we found the blow had been an awful one, and many were the anathemas called down on the devoted heads of our instructors. However, fifty-one of us kept on in pursuit of the coveted sheepskin.

The Indoor Games of the W. P. I. A. A., which occurred March 14th, were a decided innovation, and in them, '95, which is an exceptional class, again demonstrated that brains and athletic ability never go hand in hand. In spite of all predictions, '95 won the team races easily.

The death of Judge P. Emory Aldrich, President of the Corporation, cast a gloom over the whole Institute, and removed from us one of our greatest benefactors. His earnest, efficient labors have had their influence on the education of each one of us. Let his career be an example to young men starting on life's hard journey.

Soon afterward came the Spring recess. Oh, height of irony! With nothing to do but write essays and special reports, inspect steam plants and start our theses, we might well have exclaimed, in the language of the poet, "We have time to burn." In addition to the above, most of us were hard at work preparing for the burlesque. The time passed rapidly, college opened and then on the evening of April 26th, the students of the W. P. I. presented on the stage of the Worcester Theatre, "Shylock, Jr.; or, The Merchant up to Date." Loud were the praises and expressions of surprise heard on all sides. Even the Faculty were dumbfounded; at least they have not said much about it. The play was twice repeated on Saturday, the 27th.

When the excitement was over, the Senior Thespians went back to their theses and became as "busy as A B." May sped quickly by, base-ball filled the air, but still we worked; June came, exams blocked our path, but we would not be withstood, and now we stand forth ready to receive our degree and do battle with the wicked world.



Personal Sketches.

Following will be found a short description of every man who has at any time been a member of the Class of 'Ninety-Five. They are printed at the wish of the Class and to fulfill an established custom.

HARRY L. ABBOTT, Electric.

Is the shortest man in the class. His lot has been a hard one, sickness having kept him away from Tech a great part of the time for the last year. Last Spring succeeded in passing all his exams, although being absent much of the preceding half year. Last January marched bravely up to Tech to take his exams with the rest, but, alas, two months of schooling and three of sickness was too much for him and he had to leave us. Was a great violinist and ran an orchestra during the greater part of his course here. Many is the man who has replenished his scanty knowledge in various studies from Abbott's ever ready and abundant supply.

HOLLIS A. ADAMS, Civil.

Hollis never seems to have been studiously inclined. The only thing that he liked to study was the latest bicycle records, and he would have gotten *A* on such an examination. The track was so fascinating that he couldn't find time for any of his college duties, so, along with several others, he became a past member of the Institute, and has since won fame as a speedy bicycle racer.

CHARLES W. ALBERTSON, Chemist.



A true sport and bitterly opposed to everything dependent on grinding. Is really a good scholar as well as an excellent bluffer. At chemistry, is a very quick worker, although the condition of his Lab desk does not always please the Dr. Has two friends, the Laboratory and New Worcester. Was noted for his negative pull with the Faculty. Went into athletics but sprained his knee at foot-ball, thus checking him from becoming a star at quarter mile. Can say nothing too good for Dr. J. Dislikes all kid profs except Dan and Guy, and is author of the famous Albertsonian style of English Composition.

CHESTER B. ALLEN, Mechanic.

Allen was one of our proselytes from '94. He entered our class in our Sophomore year and staid with us scarcely a year, when he left us to continue his studies in Germany. When he left he was a youth with a little down upon his upper lip; he has returned a full-bearded man, and has assumed the rôle of instructor in German and Mathematics.

HARRY R. BARBER, Electric.



Is one of the best scholars in the Senior Class. Is a grind compared with some of the class, but not when compared with some others. Is, perhaps, especially good in mathematics, but is good enough in everything to get a clean sweep of *A*'s. Is said to be very fond of "Coddling the girls." Is a graduate of the Worcester High School, where he has left an enviable reputation.

CLARENCE W. BARTON, Mechanic.



Universally known as Amos; pays taxes in North Oxford. Is a decided blonde and does not send his blue drilling overalls to the laundry, for fear that after washing they will not harmonize well with his complexion. Is one of the few men who actually knows something about mechanics, and is, therefore, very popular during the week of examinations. Became dissipated enough during his Senior year to attend dancing school with Fay, but his chief amusement was playing cards against Ford. Served the class as secretary during the first half of Senior year and was observed taking notes at a class-meeting, hence his re-election for the term following.

CECIL R. BENTON, Mechanic.

"Mamma's baby boy." Comes from the north, from the region of the maple sugar groves. Therefore his sweet disposition. Came to us after a year of college life, but stayed with us only two years. Was a good student and an excellent mechanic. During the Prep half year, amused his fellow students by relating incidents of a Freshman year in college, and also scenes from camp life in Vermont. Nothing has been heard from Benton since he left us, but it is supposed that he is still building steam launches for amusement.

FRANCIS H. BRIGHAM, Mechanic.

Brig early showed his athletic ability by licking seventeen Sophomores at the Freshman-Sophomore mid-winter carnival, held in February, 1892. Was also delegated to wear the famous silk tile which '94 vainly strove to capture. Is a first-class all-round athlete and assisted us very materially to win the class championship at the Athletic meet in '93. Won a place in the shot-put at the Inter-Collegiate meet in '93, and his playing at left-guard in the Institute eleven, was always a feature of the game. Served the class as its president during one half. Circumstances obliged him to leave us at the end of the Sophomore year, to return in January, '95, as a member of '96.

CHARLES C. BROOKS, Mechanic.



Not the proverbial "minister's son" you would expect: none of the characteristic Fitchburg traits; in fact is the "exception that proves the rule." Is a regular attendant at all exercises held at the Tech and never "cut" up to the limit. Studies the church calendars carefully for socials. Is a ladies' man, often calling on two different girls a week. Can whistle all the different tunes played by the Fitchburg Band, and is fond of surf bathing. Has won points for the class in the cross-country runs, and goes about his training in the same determined, systematic way in which he solves Rankine's formulæ.

EDWARD W. BROWN, Civil.

This young man proposed to do things up and so began his course with the Mechanic Preps, in order to get the start of the Civils. At the beginning of the second half of the Sophomore year, entered division C, spending much time taking sights (from the top of a telegraph pole at the races at the Fair Grounds). Became wearied of Tech life, also of being civil, so left at the beginning of his Junior year. Is now earning fame, cents and sense as a book-keeper.

FRANK J. BRYANT, Electric.



The backbone of the Y. M. C. A. One of the few Tech men who can lead a prayer-meeting or a yell with equal grace. A good kicker and a natural organizer. Altogether the best we can offer in the religious line.

NORMAN G. BURTON, Civil.



The man who was never yet fully convinced of anything. His favorite subject was Steam Engineering, and he often made startling discoveries of the properties of steam. Was a great admirer of A. L. Rice, and evidently the admiration was reciprocated, "so to speak." Was one of the pillars of St. Paul's Church and was prominent as a choir boy, until his voice and hair changed. Had a great pull in English, and was in his element if scrapping. When out surveying he never seemed to care whether the rod he read was that of his partner or of some one in the next county.

HARRY W. CARDWELL, Electric.



Hails from the village of Norwich and is a staunch Republican. Ford's "Old Woman," otherwise known as "Cad," started in as a grind, but owing to the bad influence, for a couple of years, of two Democrats, has degenerated into an easy-going Senior. Is at work on a book entitled, "What I Ought to Know about Electricity," which is to be fully illustrated by the author and sold only to students having conditions.

HERBERT J. CHAMBERS, Electric.



Hails from Brookfield. Has a great dislike for women bicyclists, but since they will ride, has to ride also. Played base-ball when he first entered the Institute, but has never aspired to foot-ball. Spends his spare time playing the banjo, and has attained such a degree of excellence in this art that he is now leader of the Banjo and Guitar Club. Several times has tried to raise a mustache, but at last has given up in despair.

MARTIN H. CLAPP,

Electric.



An A No. 1 grind, and yet a first-class fellow, inconsistent as it may seem. Has been known to indulge in athletics. Was one of the Lowell unfortunates. A great chum of Barber, the pair being the delight of all the pros. Although very quiet by nature, there is much fun in him when aroused. Can throw chalk with the next man, and as an artist in crayon, is excelled by none. Started in with Farwell to do Chapel but fell by the wayside, much to the disgust of the latter.

ALVAH W. CLEMENT,

Electric.



Came to Tech from Worcester Academy, where he had filled the double position of pupil and instructor. Is fond of the girls and his feeling seems to be reciprocated by them. Is the only member of the class who has strong enough attractions to bring a girl out to walk to shop with him. Has filled a number of Institute as well as class offices. From this it is evident that he is an acknowledged leader, and well liked by his classmates.

JESSE J. COLBURN,

Mechanic.

Pat is a Worcester boy. His great forte is tennis and he has been champion of the Tech during his entire course here. Also played for a short time on the class football team. For some unknown reason, in last year's course in Steam, he fell under the ill-will of Mr. Rice, thus impairing, beyond hope, his chances of graduating. Last January left us for a more agreeable clime, where he would not be obliged to gaze upon the face of that beloved instructor. Also had an ear for music, and indulged his taste in this art by playing the violin.

EUGENE A. COPELAND, Electric.



One of a rare class of men who have opinions of their own and stand by them regardless of circumstances. His "shape" has caused many a fair damsel to sigh sighs of size. But: "Girls may come and girls may go but Gene goes on forever." He is one of our talented Electrics, and will make his mark in the future. Is the moral and spiritual adviser of "Bob," and keeps that happy-go-lucky youth in a fairly straight and narrow path. Gene has the good fortune to be one of the pillars of the Pilgrim Church choir, and feels quite at home in that haven of damsels.

GEORGE P. DAVIS, Electric.



Gyp is a Worcester boy and a foot-ball player, both of which would add to the popularity of any Tech. Is a hard worker, but is better known as a good fellow than as a grind. Played right guard on the eleven in the fall of '94, to oblige his friends, and turned out a good partner for Brig.

HARRY S. DAVIS, Electric.



"Have you seen Gillie?" is the first question he will ask you. Has lustrous black eyes, and for a part of the Senior year wore a beard to match. Does not let the profs walk on him and is invariably delegated to argue class grievances before the Faculty. Has been known to omit some of the semi-annual exams, "just to see what would be done about it," but has always come out on top, as the Faculty "got wind" of his boxing ability early in the Prep year. Is a star foot-ball player but did not display his skill much; some aunt or cousin or somebody's sister always objected. Served as class treasurer for three terms and as president the last half of the Senior year, and has the clearest business head of any man in the class.

GEORGE A. DENNY, Electric.



Georgie lives, when at home, near the new Worcester Post-Office at Leicester, but spends most of his time in the city. Was one of the famous five who, at the invitation of the Faculty, took a vacation on account of a brilliant performance of a G. W. Has since been a model boy except for his fondness of the fair sex, also of English Literature, the latter of which George very ardently adores. Never known to express admiration for any young lady less than five years old, that age being the minimum limit. Has lately undertaken a work of great weight(?) and from present indications seems to be succeeding. "It" is one of the few raised by members of '95.

ALEXANDER W. DOE, Chemist.



Generally considered a bit conceited. Was never suspected of grinding. Took part in the burlesque of '93 and also had a hand in that of '95. Is responsible for most of the poor things in this book.

FRANK B. DOVE, Mechanic.

Deceased.

RALPH EARLE, Mechanic.

Entered the Institute with the Class of '95, but stayed with us only a few weeks. He had, however, the hustling spirit so prevalent in the class and succeeded, together with four others, in obtaining a furlough after being in the Institute but four days. Left the Institute to enter the Annapolis Naval Academy. Ever since has stood very near the head of his class there. Every Fall, during his vacation, he appears on the Tech grounds to renew his acquaintance with the many friends made during his short stay here.

FRANK EDWARDS, Civil.

Frank hailed from Hopedale, so he thought that he didn't need to study, but expected to get through on "Hope,"—a contagious idea of the people of his section. He did get through, but perhaps a little sooner than he anticipated. He often had *pressing* business to attend to down-town, and, while attending to such business, he met Doctor oftener than he wished to. The Doctor thought Frank had better sever his connections with the Institute, so as to properly attend to his urgent calls elsewhere.

SEYMOUR A. FARWELL, Chemist.



Entered Tech with the Class of '93, but was obliged to drop back to '95, on account of severe illness. Is a true grind, and the delight of his professors. Bears the distinction of having been the only Chemist ever exempted from semi-annual exams by Prof. Kinnicutt, on account of term mark. An authority on History, Civics and Political Economy, and good in everything. Is possessed of a considerable fund of dry humor and is indirectly responsible for several jokes in this publication. Is ever ready to lend a helpful hand, outside of exams. A crank on statistics.

HENRY S. FAVOR, Mechanic.



Of Gardner, more properly of Worcester, as he never goes to Gardner when he can help himself. Is one of the witty men of the class and a regular book of information. Can give the merits and demerits of every church in the city, and can give innumerable points on etiquette, (copied from the "Side talks" in the *Ladies Home Journal*). Was once assistant editor-in-chief of the *W P I*, but now has no outside interest except the Class Book. His worst fault is his intimate acquaintance with Walls. In the Prep room was one of Sir Roger's favorites and an excellent workman, a reputation which he still maintains in the machine shop. One of the few who consider Integral Calculus preferable to Differential.

A. EUGENE FAY, Electric.



One of the youngest men in the class. Was once a "grind" but has now forsaken his evil ways. Gene is a fine skater, being so fond of the sport that, during the season, he integrates his "cuts" up to the max. limit. Like other fellows from Brookfield, he is passionately fond of the ladies and will walk the whole length of Main Street any night for an opportunity of meeting one of the dear creatures. Has always had a great aversion to Shop practice. Never fully recovered from the annoyance and regret of having made up five hours practice more than was necessary.

HERBERT E. FIELD, Chemist.



Pete is what he has been called for years. Has been trying for a long time to obtain a pull in Chemistry. Turned pale when his name was not read among those who were exempt from the Civics exam. Invariably scratches his head and scowls when asked a question. Likes to pull Killam through an exam. Is quite an athlete, having done excellent work, especially last winter, in both the team races and open events. Was chairman of the W. P. I. A. A. nominating committee. Enjoys being Allen's lieutenant. Scored fifth in the last cross-country runs, but it made him tired, and so he would not run again. Has fallen into the habit of getting a new girl every other year. In Summer he may often be seen with one of these visions of loveliness, rowing on the lake. Seems to be very popular and in great demand by the South End girls.

ROBERT S. FLETCHER, Mechanic.



Started in as a Prep, chuck full of enthusiasm—but not for study. Bob helped us spend pleasantly many long hours, when we were under the sharp eye of Sir Roger. Had a quarrel with the final Prep exams. It being an utter impossibility to come to an understanding, rather than take a mean advantage of the former, Rob. left us to our misery. Is now working at Webster, at which place he manages to spend his evenings most agreeably.

HARRY T. FORD, Mechanic.



One of the Witherbees. Hails from the wild and woolly city of Bridgeport. Does not sympathize with the A. P. A. in its intolerance toward the Irish. It is said that if he cannot get a position at a large salary as a Mechanical Engineer as soon as he graduates, he intends to go on the stump in his own state, trying to down the "Rotten borough system," which he learned so much about from Bryce. Is a great kicker and a good dancer, and is never out of practice in either of these arts.

HENRY J. FULLER, Mechanic.



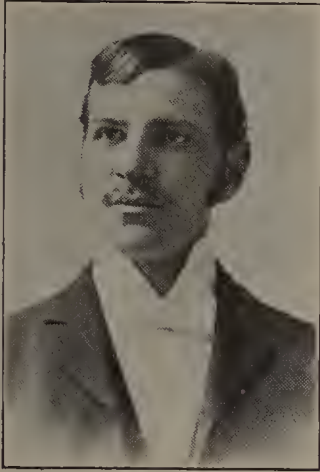
Is a Worcester youth. Received his preparation for Tech at Worcester Academy. Doc is very fond of the girls, but has found that the Institute course in this branch is very deficient, and so has been obliged to spend many evenings, during his course, in research in his favorite study. Has indulged to a slight extent in athletics. In his Prep year Henry learned the art of matching pennies and became quite an expert before the close of the wood-room course.

GEORGE S. GIBBS, Mechanic.



Joined '95 in September, '93, just to see how the place was run. Made love to the members of the Faculty. Stole two pair of overalls and a jumper, and began the course in earnest as a member of '96.

FRANK E. GILBERT, Electric.



Gilly and Davis is the combination, principally Gilly. What Gilly doesn't know about Elec isn't worth knowing. Can give the Faculty points on any subject, any day. Is deeply in love with "our favorite," whom he is ever ready to help—"out of the frying-pan into the fire." Thinks it a shame to be obliged to do such baby work as finding "H" and testing dynamos and motors, but dearly loves to run the gas engine. Can be seen most any evening or afternoon, going towards Davis's. Strange to say, Davis seems to never have seen Gilly those evenings or afternoons. Is extremely fond of shop practice, never having been known to be more than 250 hours behind. Has some beautiful "siders," of which he is very proud. Likewise proud of his new book, entitled, "Errors of Observation and Method of Least Squares," which will soon be published in two octavo volumes.

WILLIAM W. GILE, Mechanic.



Alias "Billy the Leg Puller;" is one of the past members of the class. He was one of the five ambitious members who enjoyed a vacation after a week's stay in the Institute.

GEORGE C. GORDON, Electric.

Always to be remembered as he who put the base-ball nine on its feet. Never would see a thing in Mechanics even if he could. Has very violent likes and dislikes, and delights in exposing them. "Have you got any money?" Is said to have studied the last half of his Senior year. Can paraphrase an essay with the next man. Has always been admired by the class on account of his good sense in leaving '94. Is a great cross-country runner and a good ball tosser.

ARCHY O. GRANGER, Mechanic.

Came over from Westfield in the steerage with Hitchy. Brought his boxing-gloves, fencing-foils, indian-clubs, etc., with him and started a gymnasium in his room at 7 Highland Street, in opposition to the Y. M. C. A. Being of a retiring disposition, the turmoil of Tech life with its semi-annual exams, had no charms for him. He left early in the course to return to his native town, where he still lives in quiet contentment.

CHARLES M. GREEN, Mechanic.

Known to a few intimates as "Dutchy." Was with us in the days of Prepdom, when his head was used to stop the fierce onslaughts of scantlings from the upper end of the room. Was in love with the Shop, and could make patterns with as much as an eighth of an inch back draught. Worked the buzz-planer ruse with good effect, much to Prof. Gladwin's discomfiture. Left to join the training ship, Enterprise.

HARRY G. GREENWOOD, Chemist.



From Clinton. Started his career in Worcester at too young an age, so after two years of service in the Salisbury prison, he decided to look elsewhere for his education. His merry (?) whistle could be heard in the Lab at any time (when the Dr. was not around), and his good luck in spilling solutions was surpassed only by his quick method of weighing. He had two great friends, his pipe, and a front seat at the Musee. Took no interest in girls or athletics, so of course could not remain on Tech Hill.

WALTER E. HAPGOOD, Mechanic.

Universally known as "Happy," but sometimes answers to the name of "Old Hoss." Has followed the race course since he was a child, and has the pedigree of all the fast steppers at his tongue's end. Is somewhat of a sprinter himself. Made a commotion in the English department by presenting type-written essays. Edited the *W P I* successfully for a year. Acted as groom and French cook in the Prep year for our guinea-hen, which was imported for a mascot. Left us in the Junior year to become a news-gatherer for the *Spy*.

CHARLES A. HARRINGTON, Electric.



Is a native of Worcester, and received his preparatory instruction at the Worcester High School. Was the first president of the class, and since that time has twice been athletic director. Has always taken great interest in athletics, having played on the Varsity eleven, and run in the Intercollegiate games. Entered Tech with a great name, and has maintained his standing with the Faculty to the end.

FRED M. HITCHCOCK, Mechanic.



Hitchy is a broad man and holds the class record for copious waist-bands. Is decidedly picturesque, and shows his Dutch blood when he walks. Made a big sensation at Falmouth Heights, last summer, in a pink bathing suit. His specialties are debating and whist. Is a good man to amuse the class in a Mechanic's recitation. Never could see the difference between weight and mass. Is the inventor of a perpetual motion device, which employs a perfectly elastic spring.

LOUIS A. HENTZ, Mechanic.

Ein deutschen knaben. Used to astonish one of the instructors by the rendition he employed in Dutch translation. Was a good boy, but was plucked from the nursery too soon. Took the advice of the Faculty, and dropped back a few years.

ALBERT W. HOWE, Mechanic.



"That's the one I mean," was his answer in Mechanics, when the professor told him he had neglected to put in one of the principal forces on the beam. Bert comes from Clinton every Monday morning, but to return again every Saturday. Often meets with thrilling experiences on the train—the last one was a blonde with liquid blue eyes. Cuts quite a figure in Clinton as a cross-country runner, and is one of '95's long distance men. Invariably gets into the semi-finals in the Tech tennis tournaments. Danced in the ballet this year, and has also danced at the Mardi Gras.

FREDERICK D. HOUGHTON, Mechanic.

A crack banjoist, and will long be remembered for his solo at Upton in the '92 minstrels. Spent most of his Prep year in throwing wood at Ware, and leading G. W. yells. Dropped out early in the course.

LEON S. HOWE, Mechanic.

So fond of work that the W. P. I. did not suit him, and so he left early in his course.

WILSON T. HOWE, Civil.

This tall and slender youth entered the Civil department with the full expectation of some day having a B. S. affixed to his signature, for we infer from his remarks, while in friendly conversation, that he greatly preferred a B. S. to C. E., as he was not deeply in sympathy with any religious movement. He came from the neighboring town of East Brookfield, and was obliged to leave soon after the Sophomore year began.

E. FRANK KELTON, Mechanic.

Couldn't stand the company of the '94 Civils, so joined '95 Mechanics. Being very hard to please, he soon tired of us, and left at the end of the Soph year.

ALEXANDER D. KENNEDY, Civil.



Commonly known as the "West Warren Wonder." Has travelled extensively abroad, and after examining the colleges on both sides of the Atlantic, he decided that there was no better place than the W. P. I., to get an education. His particular hobby was Invention, where, if he got tired using his left hand he would change to the right, and between the two he was generally able to solve the problem. In Descrip it was different. Somehow or other it always lulled Kennedy to sleep when the lines, traces, and profile planes were hovering around in space. Dutch was never his favorite, but he began to appreciate its beauties while "riding" through Ekkehard. His "Jonah" was Calc. and at the end of the Junior year he left Tech, and is now enjoying life in sunny France.

W. STANLEY KILLAM, Chemist.



Stan is almost our only foreigner, coming from Nova Scotia. He entered the Institute before having "attained the age of 16," and yet he is the biggest man in the class. Was a star at full-back, but broke his collar bone, so could not play the last season. Was also a crack sprinter until he became so heavy that he found it necessary to turn his abilities to throwing hammer. At his first throw, he succeeded in removing a portion of the fence at the Oval. Likes everything English except English Literature. Is an inseparable chum of Willie Sawyer, '94, and they always take a front seat at everything.

ARTHUR D. KING,

Mechanic.



Commonly known as Shorty. Is a short, curly-headed man from Monson. Played end on the class foot-ball eleven, and was captain of this year's team. Also pulled on the class tug-of-war team. Is a quiet, unpretending fellow, who has won many friends among his classmates.

J. ARTHUR LECLERC,

Chemist.



This gentleman presides over the destinies of the Salisbury Laboratories, it being his duty to guard against fires within and burglars without. He is a prominent Y. M. C. A. man, but this fact does not prevent his attending Chapel frequently. Unlike most of the class, he attends Sunday-school regularly. Hasn't sworn since he came to Tech. He likes Physics—a long ways off; is not very fond of Mathematics, but feels at home in Languages, particularly French. At first, thought of taking the General Scientific course, but a short experience with falling bodies, inclined planes, and other delights of the Physicist, convinced him of the desirability of a change, and he became a Chemist. Is an Independent in politics and it takes him two days to vote. Frequently regrets that by taking thought he can not add a cubit to his stature.

FREDERIC H. LELAND,

Electric.



Saved by the Class of '95 from being completely dismembered from the school. Has a *verbatim* report of all "J. C." ever said and is a staunch believer in the same. (?) Is so swift of speech that the prof hearing the recitation often says "next," rudely intercepting Fred, in the midst of his harangue. Always has some foxy scheme, by means of which we can get square with the Faculty.

HARRY W. LELAND,

Mechanic.



Was brought up in the town of Gardner. His reputation as an athlete has spread all over that part of the state, and is not without foundation, as he has been one of the main stays of the Athletic Team, since his arrival at the Institute. Has also played on the Varsity base-ball and foot-ball teams, besides being a member of the Banjo and Guitar Club.

FRED M. MARTIN,

Mechanic.



Hails from Bradford, N. H., a thriving young city of three inhabitants. A terror to Geo. I. President, first half of Senior year. Class-tree Orator. Does not like to have Bridge Street mentioned in his presence. Is the only man, so they say, who can throw a parabolic curve, and, when pitching, he signals the catcher, by calling the equation of the curve he is about to execute. His overshot, bevel-gear, Hooke's-jointed, turbine water-wheel, is expected to revolutionize the industries of his native metropolis this coming summer, provided he can graduate on it. Played half-back on '95's famous foot-ball team.

DANIEL MAYNARD,

Mechanic.

From the primeval wilderness of Berlin. Furnished a target for the block-throwers in the wood-room. Left us early to become a book-agent, but has lately entered Cornell.

FAY McFADDEN,

Mechanic.

Came in with the rush in the winter of 1892. Was one of the few men who worked for, and deserved an *A* in Shop. Succeeded in raising a noticeable mustache. Analyt and German had no charms for him, hence his departure for the Horological Institute at Waltham, where he is now employed.

J. LEONARD MERRICK,

Mechanic.

Went to sleep in some poison ivy while out sketching, also found the girls to be a source of great annoyance. Was one of the famous Westboro wagon-ride party. With the help of Muir he supported Jones's Lunch Cart during our Prep year. Could not keep his head above water after the first six months, and is now spoken of as one of the departed.

RALPH L. MORGAN, Mechanic.

One of our bequests from '94. A man of great height, but most of it was below his collar. Made numerous attempts to become a member of some class, and, aided by the Doctor, he was fairly successful. His pull with the aforesaid was probably the most remarkable ever on record, and his prospects of life membership with us were good, when his only hope "vanished." In the language of America's great humorist—"It couldn't was."

WILLIAM H. MORSE, Mechanic.



Known only as Billy. Worst man for questions in the class—questions everything and everybody. Believes Geo. I. but doubts Rankine. Is a crack polo player, and does well in foot-ball. Is original in everything. Knew how to keep Old Sol out of Chapel better than anyone else. Is a great help to K. P's. Is perfectly happy when he can be at the board drawing sketches to illustrate his own theories. He says "darn it all," with great vehemence, but never anything worse.

KENNETH M. MUIR, Mechanic.

Left us in the second half of the Soph year. Was one of the liveliest men we ever had, and all who knew him well were sorry that private reasons necessitated his leaving us. Was an excellent violinist and loved to play his instrument nearly as well as to go with the girls. Was an expert at throwing blocks in the good old Prep days, but used such fine judgment in the matter as to retain Sir Roger's good opinion. Was Merrick's body-guard.

JOHN P. MURPHY, Mechanic.



"Senator Murph" hails from the flowery land of Florida, and his speech smacks of the sunny South. Murph is one of those mild-looking chaps who always succeed in surprising persons foolish enough to consider him as innocent as he looks. The Senator is a red-hot Democrat, and with his Southern blood has numerous scraps at every election, but his reputation as a bad man in a row, and a crack shot who wings his man at ten paces, generally pulls him out ahead. Never saw Maggie Murphy's Home, but is a heavy contributor to the Providence Hill car line.

ARTHUR C. NUTT, General Scientific.

With one exception, the only '95 man to take the General Scientific Course. Nutt didn't like to work as hard as we are obliged to work at the Tech, so he left and sought a school where life would be easier, and more worth the living.

TIMOTHY F. O'CONNOR, Electric.



Is the fastest man in Tech. When Tim entered Tech he was not very much of a runner, but by patient and hard training he has developed himself into a very fast man. Tim's skill also runs to the artistic, some of his work having appeared on the Half-Way Thro' menu. Is a member of the Banjo and Guitar Club.

FREDERICK W. PARKS, Mechanic.

One who believed that sporting life was full of tacks. Was an athlete, having participated in class games and played first sub on the foot-ball eleven. Held many school and class offices. Left just too early to take his S. B. with him.

FRANK F. PHINNEY, Mechanic.

Commonly known as Phin. The millionaire banker of the class. Managed the burlesque of '93 most successfully. Left in the spring of '94, to go into business.

EDWIN J. PICKWICK, Civil.



Pickwick is a quiet sort of a fellow. Is a hard, conscientious worker. Chances were against him for the first two years, but he is one of the best in the Senior year. Always went to Webster every Saturday, for some reason which we never quite knew until the source of attraction appeared one day, and then everyone understood. He rooms with LeClerc in the Labs. Is a good sprinter and might have won honor for himself and the Institute had he ever tried to develop himself. Delights in arguing with Burton.

GEORGE W. POORE, Mechanic.



His acquaintance was greatly desired while his "schwester" was employed in the Shop office. Had the best set of cribs in exams. Always ready for a good time. Was an excellent artist and a great friend of Gladdy. Had an offer of a larger salary than M. P. could afford, and so left us in the Senior year.

GEORGE O. ROLLINS, Mechanic.

Another youth whose propensities led him to desert the class.

GEORGE O. SANFORD, Civil.

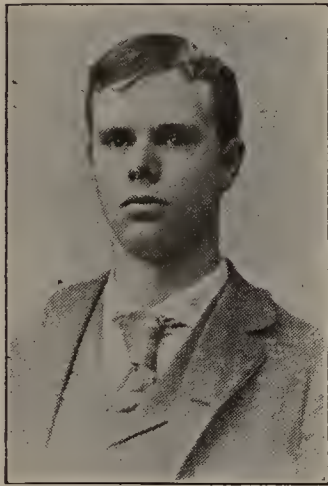


Comes from the city of Westboro. Tried Amherst Aggie for a while, but found it was not rich enough for his blood and so entered Tech, '95, at the end of the first half year. Is the Civil grind. Is a good tennis player, and came near winning the Landsing cup from Coburn. Took principal parts in both burlesques. Is a good Civil, and keeps Prof. White posted on all the latest engineering enterprises.

MERLE E. SELLEW, Mechanic.

The life of this gentleman at Tech was short. After six months of Shop work he left us for a place where there was less work and more time for play. From Tech he migrated to Amherst Agricultural College, where he is fast learning to become a farmer. He left his mark (or marks) with us, on that table he built and left for Jim to varnish. When Jim saw that table he made such a noise in reducing it to kindling wood that Sir Roger rushed up stairs all out of breath, thinking he heard a "George Washington."

BERTRAM E. SAVAGE, Civil.



The star Civil. Can ask questions in Mechanics that will cause the learned instructor to clap his hand to his noble brow and go into a trance; and in an argument with that instructor comes out winner in a majority of cases. Dutch was his "Jonah." Had an original way of doing Descrip, but was generally right. Always begins an explanation with "Now, sposen."

FRANK W. SMITH, Mechanic.

Was a good boy in most respects, and especially good at pattern-making, until he and Mr. Badger disagreed over a technicality in some of '94's patterns. Had a desire to see the bull-fights in Lisbon, so joined the cadets on the Mass. school-ship, Enterprise. Was a star foot-ball player, at right end. Has returned, to take a course in Civil Engineering with '97.

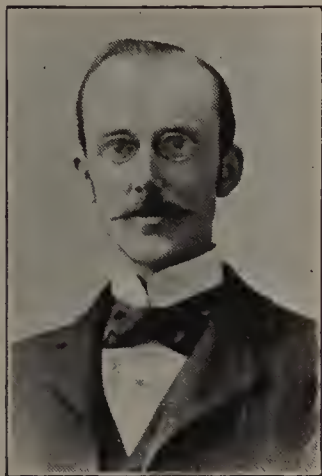
HOWARD E. SMITH, Mechanic.

Was one of the faithful in the wood-room. Never threw a block; in fact, he was no friend of the evil doers. Displayed unusual talent in wood butchery, likewise algebra and geometry. Left us in June, '94, to enter M. I. T., where he is now studying Sanitary Engineering with the Class of '96.

G. CARL SPENCER, Chemist.

Spent so much time in keeping up a correspondence with "something nice" in southern New Hampshire that he forgot to keep up his chemical reactions. Is the first man in the class to be married, and is now happily settled in Connecticut with a family of little Spencers.

FREDERICK H. SOMERVILLE, Civil.



The only representative from the Green Mountain State. Is without doubt the best draughtsman at the Tech. Has the honor of having broken Boyden's boasted R. R. record all to smash. We bade him good-bye at the end of the Junior year, but his love for the Tech was too much for him. He came back and now keeps the Boynton Hall Monopoly. Is very fond of the Theatre as a place of instruction. Besides a fair scholar, a good draughtsman, and an illustrator, Fred is a fine cornetist. Was one of '95's orchestra at the Half-Way Thro'. Is responsible for more than two-thirds of the "Aftermath" illustrations.

FRED L. STONE, Electric.



Hails from Nova Scotia. Fred will never forget the day we all assembled in Room 19 to hear the list of names of successful candidates for admission read. The Dr. entered the room with the list in his hand and began to read the names in alphabetical order. Stone listened with an anxious countenance. At last Dr. came to S and passed on, and yet Stone's name was not read. A look of anguish and disappointment overspread his face, and yet he listened as if in hopes of hearing his name called from some unknown region. The alphabet was finished, and the Dr. looked up, and with a clear voice said, "and Fred L. Stone." "Thank Heaven," said Stone, and a smile of relief and pleasure lighted up his face. Stone has been a great addition to the Class of '95. He has scored more points in athletics than any other man in the class, but, on account of an accident in the Laboratory, was unable to help his class this Spring.

ROY W. SUMNER, Mechanic.

Entered with '95 and did good work. Left at the end of the Prep year, and now goes to Brown University.

ROBERT H. TAYLOR,

Mechanic.



The only man from the "wild and woolly" West, hailing from Cal. Bob is a fine fellow, a regular bird, but very fond of the ladies, and a good dish. Is a good all-round musical chap as was shown at the '95 Burlesque. Notwithstanding this, Bob is a good flutist and recognizes good music when he sees it. Was one of '95's orchestra at the Half-Way Thro'.

HENRY D. TEMPLE,

Electric.



Harry Temp, Mr. Temple of Millbury. Loves the Shop so that he will cut Electricity for it. Was manager of the foot-ball team last season. Does not like to be discouraged. Always admired anyone who filled the office of announcer. Has a noticeable weakness for diminutive females. Can use the Wheatstone Bridge just as well without a battery as with. Is prone to dress too well for a barge driver. Has a chronic bad knee, which seems to get well whenever a dance is on the board. Is the only unfortunate possessor of his patent, quadruple soled, hippopotamus-hide boots, the largest historic ones in existence, although a similar pair has been found lately near a prehistoric skeleton 15 feet in height. Made one of the hits of the '95 Burlesque as *Morocco*.

J. WARREN THAYER,

Electric.



Likes to be called John. Like Fay, is very fond of skating, likewise of the ladies. Ever since a certain episode at the Lake, last winter, he thinks that the only fit place for the sport. Like many other fellows, he is deeply in love with "our favorite," delighting in arguments on some subject about which he knows nothing. Is very fond of asking "good questions," also of answering the same. Owing to his high standing in the W. P. I. Y. M. C. A., he is very seldom seen at Chapel. Was once a rival of Denny in the "weighty" undertaking, but has since given up the race.

EDWARD C. THRASHER, Chemist.

Ned was as good a fellow as one would care to meet, but studied so hard that he was obliged to take a vacation of a year. Is, however, progressing as smilingly as ever in '98. Played bass in the Burlesque of '95.

JOSEPH M. TILDEN, Chemist.



Not related to the one who was *hazed* in 1876. Joe is a born artist and actor, and the friend of every man in the Tech. Took the part of *Portia* in the Tech Burlesque, and was simply out of sight. His rendering of the part made the bust of "Willie," that poses in U. B.'s room, weep tears of deepest anguish, and made those thirteen literary seats in the orchestra fairly wild with enthusiasm. Joe lives at the Salisbury Laboratory in LeClerc's room, but spends his nights on Chandler Street. He is responsible for most of the half-tone work in this book, and also for a large part of that in our Half-Way Thro' menu card.

CHARLES A. TOWNSEND, Chemist.

This "disciple of Kinnicutt," is a native of far away New Hampshire. His ability to translate scientific German was surpassed only by his ability to raise a mustache. Either the terrible climate of Tech Hill, or the fumes of the Lab, were too much for his health, so at the end of his second year he was obliged to seek his fortune elsewhere.

HARRY T. VAN OSTRAND, Mechanic.



One of our suburban residents, residing in Millbury. Takes Mellen's Food, but sprinting for the morning train keeps his weight at 113 pounds. Has many original ideas in Mechanics, but seldom makes the point clear. Van is the principal Electrician in Millbury; is also counsellor of the Board of Health and Epworth League; also an authority on Natural History.

JAMES WALSH, Electric.



If Jim is anything like his necktie, he is bound to rise. Is a representative of the Brookfield district and is quite studious; no doubt on account of his "industrial environments." Used to take the 4 o'clock train home on Saturdays until the Normal School session was changed. Jim is a good man at kicking and will not swallow any bluff explanations. Is ready at all times with good questions. Has had his ups and downs in Tech life, but "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

ARTHUR W. WALLS, Mechanic.



Has owned stock in nearly all the Tech institutions. Was Associate Editor on the *W P I* for two years, holds up one end of the Banjo Club, has sung in the chorus, and is more or less of a base-ball player. Like Isaak Walton, he knows the true enjoyment to be derived from fishing. Art is a sportsman to the backbone—he pulled traps at the North End Shooting Grounds for two seasons. Has been known to have three special examinations come on the same day.

ARTHUR L. WARE, Mechanic.

Otherwise known as "Yeller" Ware. Was one of the men whose life at Tech was short. Started in as a Mechanic, but changed over to the Chemists, from which he changed to a course in drawing at M. I. T., and from that he became a "brick presser" on the streets of Worcester. Is now learning his trade in a mill in the wilderness of Fisherville.

ALBA H. WARREN, Electric.



A fiend on athletics. Played two years on the foot-ball eleven and was one season captain, four years on the base-ball nine, and two years on the polo team. Is much given to grumbling. Was manager of "Shylock, Jr.," and premiere danseuse in the ballet.

AMBROSE G. WARREN, Electric.



Hails from the town of Gardner. During the Prep year, when not engaged in whittling blocks or plugging Mathematics, he discussed the average Tech boarding-house, and compared their kitchens with the "dear old one of grandmother's." Is a model student. Was president of the class the last half of the Sophomore year. Delights in visiting "cousins" at the Home School.

CHARLES P. WARE, Mechanic.

A foot-ball player on the 'Varsity from his first season, and captain his last. Dropped back into '96, and has since left the Institute.

VAIL WARREN,

Mechanic.



The base-ball manager of our Prep year. Was seen on the field three times during the season. Rents a mahogany at the Theatre for the season, and reads Rankin between the acts. Too deeply interested in Tech life but admits that he is lazy. Was a star in Dutch, but decidedly unassuming in Mechanics. Prefers written to oral quizzes. Is an ardent admirer of Yale institutions. Will probably become a missionary after graduating.

J. ENSIGN WEATHERWAX,

Mechanic.



Was the oldest man in the class. Formed, with Ford and Ware, the Witherbee triumvirate of our Prep days, and was first, but, alas, not the last of these to leave us. "Wax" was the best mechanic in the shop, but had to leave on account of getting his middle initial mixed up with his marks. His chief difficulty was that he invariably fell asleep after trying to study for fifteen minutes. In some mysterious way, which can be explained only by Cardwell, his name has been transformed into his present nickname, "Shoe."

FRANK E. WELLINGTON,

Electric.



Welly is the most unfortunate of unfortunates. Only during the last half was he taken sick, and obliged to leave Tech, and forego the honor and pleasure of graduating with '95. Was always a hustler in the class, and has held many offices from vice-president of his class to *H P I* Business Manager. Was a good distance runner. Was one of the famous combination in Johnson's room.

WILLIAM O. WELLINGTON, Civil.



Willie O. comes to us from Oxford. Is one of the youngest men in the class. Put on long pants for the first time when he entered Tech. Gave Prof. Cutler points on English Literature which that dignitary never before heard of. Can give points on every girl in Oxford, Webster, and adjoining towns, as well as Worcester. His Worcester acquaintances extend from the mile circle on the south to the half-mile circle on the north. Learns his lessons after he gets to Tech, but gets there just the same.

To Thermo.

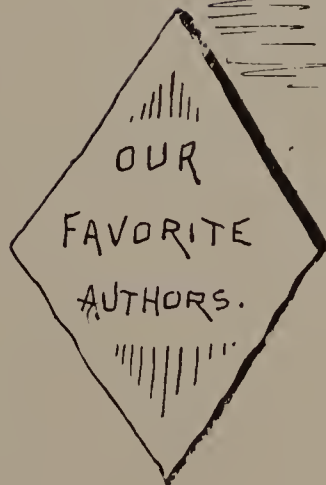
To "Thermo" was he going,
His knees beneath him quaking,
Full well he knew the showing
He had hitherto been making.
"Why is this room my Jonah?"
And his query was most fair.
Julius Cæsar! *R I C*
'*E* muttered in despair.
Enough to make the bravest quake,
The sight that he had seen.
The number on the door there
Was that sure-to-kill thirteen.



BRYCE



CHAUCEER.



WILSON.



ISAAC WALTON.

Dr. Homer T. Fuller.

ON the 19th of June, 1894, it was made public that Dr. Homer T. Fuller had decided to sever his long and honorable connection with the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. This step on his part had been rumored as a possibility but this was the first authorized announcement.

On Commencement Day, June 31st, Dr. Fuller, in his address to the graduating class, spoke his last words as President of our Institute. He also read, on this evening, an exceedingly interesting and valuable paper, giving the history of the W. P. I. for the past twenty-five years.

The members of the Class of '95 will always have a kindly feeling for the past President of the Institute who carried them through more than two-thirds of their course. They extend to Dr. Fuller, through this, their book, their most sincere thanks for the good he has done them in the past, and wish him success in his new position as President of Drury College.



W. P. I. Foot-Ball.

“THE day is done, the race is run,” or rather all the games have been played, and the season was very successful. In fact, the '94 foot-ball eleven of the W. P. I. made a far better record than many not fully acquainted with all the particulars of the season might suppose from the record of games played. The fortunes of last Fall's team were influenced decidedly and peculiarly by the many changes it was forced to undergo.

The eleven started out under the captainship of Ware, '95, and the coaching of Mr. C. B. Earle, Harvard, '94. Mr. Earle gave the team a most excellent start and did much in breaking in the raw material, but could only remain a short time. Mr. Langloid then took charge of the men and coached them till the middle of the season. He worked hard and faithfully, but many ideas with which he imbued the players, did not prove as successful as might have been hoped for. His best work was the teaching of the Woodruff interference. About half way through the Fall, Captain Ware resigned and A. H. Warren, '95, was chosen to take his place. At the same time the coach was again changed and Mr. Durand took control of the team.

Thus the team changed hands, so to speak, three times, and, though under each coach and under each captain the men worked well and put up a good game, they were, of course, badly handicapped. Each time, just as some sort of team work began to show itself, the policy would change entirely, and the men were obliged to begin all over again. The change of captains, as well as of coaches, was hard on the men, and Mr. Warren deserves much credit for the manner in which he overcame the many obstacles which presented themselves.

The eleven finished the season with an average of fifty per cent. The first game was at the Oval, September 22d, when the Academy was defeated, 14 to 12. On the 29th of that month the team went to Amherst and were defeated, their efforts being rewarded by a goose egg, while their opponents scored 28 points. M. I. T. won from our boys at Boston, October 6, scoring, however, but a single

touchdown, with goal. October 13th, Cambridge Y. M. C. A. came to Worcester and went away with but ten points, against 16 scored by W. P. I. The following Saturday the Amherst Aggies visited our town and spent the afternoon chasing the Tech men down the field. The game was called with 44 points to the credit of our players, while our farming friends reaped "only nothing." October 27th, the eleven went to Hartford and were defeated by Trinity, 4 to 0, in the hardest game of the season; hardest in more ways than one, for both halves saw time called with W. P. I.'s ball a few yards only from Trinity's line and steadily advancing. The next game was played at Troy, N. Y., November 3d, when, after an all-night journey, our boys surprised their friends of the Rensselaer Polytech, by winning 4 to 0. The last game was lost to the Yale Freshmen, at the Oval, two weeks later, by a score of 10 to 4.

The make-up of the line did not vary much but the backs were frequently changed. Riley, '96, played at center throughout the season. G. P. Davis, '95, played a steady game at left guard, while Brigham, then of the same class, gave, as in former years, firmness and confidence to the right side of the line. Booth, '98, one of the stars of the eleven, played one tackle until towards the end of the season, when a bad knee compelled him to stop playing, and his place was filled by Durand, '97. Leland, '95, filled the corresponding position and made up in steadiness what he lacked in quickness. Harris, '96, covered one end the entire season, while Ware and Cunningham, also of that class, each played half a season at the other. At quarter-back, A. H. Warren, '95, showed great improvement over his last year's play, and after Mr. Ware's resignation, ran the team with good judgment, on the field of battle as well as in practice. M. C. Allen played our half throughout the season and made his usual good showing. Mayo, '96, and Hitchcock, '98, filled the position at the other half, both making good records. Nelson, '97, Killam, '95, and Morse, '97, played at full, in the order named.





Half-Way Thro'.

“A PROPHET is not without honor, save in his own country.” We never expect to get the credit of originating the custom of having Half-Way Thro' suppers out of town, but, nevertheless, that distinction belongs to us.

On the twenty-sixth of January, eighteen hundred and ninety-four, the Class of '95, W. P. I., left the Union Station, on a special car, bound for Boston.

The latter town was reached about six P. M., and the boys disported themselves, after consuming light suppers, at the various theatres. About midnight they assembled at the Reynolds House, where they were greeted by their president, A. H. Warren, who had been obliged, on account of certain unavoidable circumstances, to precede them.

A delicious supper was then served, after which the assembled company were regaled by music, song and speech. About four o'clock a business meeting was held, and officers for the ensuing half year were chosen.

The return to Worcester was made on the early morning train.





Toastmaster, = Harry D. Temple.

Orchestra.

HARRY L. ABBOTT, Violin.
ROBERT H. TAYLOR, Flute.

FRED H. SOMERVILLE, Cornet.
EUGENE A. COPELAND, Accom.

Quartet.

GEORGE O. SANFORD, 1st Tenor.
FREDERICK W. PARKS, 2d Tenor.

HENRY J. FULLER, 1st Bass.
ROBERT H. TAYLOR, 2d Bass.

Programme.

QUARTET.

TOAST. "Half-Way Thro'." . . . FRANK E. GILBERT.

ORCHESTRA.

TOAST. "The Faculty." . . . JOSEPH M. TILDEN.

QUARTET.

TOAST. "Athletics." . . . CHARLES A. HARRINGTON.

ORCHESTRA.

TOAST. "The Class of '95." . . . ALBA H. WARREN.

QUARTET.

TOAST. "The Ladies." . . . HARRY S. DAVIS.

ORCHESTRA.

TOAST. "The Future." . . . ALVAH W. CLEMENT.

QUARTET.

"A TURN." . . . ALEX W. DOE.

Athletics.

EVER SINCE her entrance into the Institute, the Class of '95 has shown a great interest and activity in the different branches of athletics. Although she does not possess many individuals preëminent in these lines, nevertheless, on account of class patriotism and enthusiasm, a place among the first has always been held, and '95 will be remembered by posterity as leader in athletics.

Athletics, in its broadest meaning at the Institute, naturally separates into three great divisions :—Base-ball, foot-ball, and track and field contests, while polo and tennis are of late springing into a more prominent position. In polo, which has been played but two seasons, Gordon and Warren have done good work for the team. In tennis, the class has carried off all the honors, for Coburn has held the Landsing cup since his entrance to Tech, and in the fall of '94, to retain it, was obliged to defeat Sanford, '95, the winner of the tournament. Cross-country running is probably '95's weakest point. Yet Wellington carried off the bronze medal in spite of the fierce contest between '93 and '94, while O'Connor, in the last runs, was the winner of the silver medal.

In base-ball, the class is more prominent. Everyone knows the ability of Fred Martin as a pitcher, everyone admires the playing of Gordon, while Warren, Stone and Ware have all helped to bring the Institute nine up to its present high standard. And a word of praise must be spoken here for the untiring and successful efforts made by Gordon while manager during the season of '94. It was greatly due to him that the team achieved success both on the field and financially.

More prominently still does the ability of '95 stand out on the foot-ball field. From the very first she has had her share of men on the first eleven, and has aided, more than her share, in making up the second team. In the first year of our life at Tech, Brigham, Ware, Harrington, Smith and Davis, all played at least one game on the first eleven. Warren captained the second eleven, and had under him several more '95 men. In succeeding years, this same interest was kept up, and whatever success the foot-ball team achieved, was due largely to the

interest shown in both elevens by members of '95. The largest feather was put in the class cap, when, in the final championship game of class foot-ball, we defeated '94 to the tune of six to nothing; '94, relying on her experience and individuals, especially her invincible centre, did considerable talking before the game; '95 said nothing but sawed wood. Good team work was developed and it won the day, much to the chagrin and surprise of the '94 supporters.

And now to be spoken of is that branch of athletics in which '95 has reached the height of fame. On the track and on the field, '95 has always been successful. Even in the Prep year, with part of the class yet to enter, she made a good showing, scoring four firsts and two seconds. The next Spring, however, saw '95 far ahead of her nearest competitor. The class won eight firsts and five seconds, with a total of seventy-four points more than the rest of the classes combined. Not an event was contested in which a '95 man did not score something for his class, and the crack team of quarter-milers easily ran away from the other classes. In the Spring of '94, in spite of the loss of Brigham, '95 still led by a big margin, winning ten firsts and five seconds, with the same total of seventy-four points.

A summary of the points won by individuals in the three contests mentioned, may be interesting.

	1892.	1893.	1894.	Total.
Stone,	11	9½	7½	28
Field,	—	13½	11	24½
Leland,	3	5	15	23
Brigham,	10	13	—	23
O'Connor,	½	8½	11½	20½
Killam,	—	5	14	19
Harrington,	½	10½	7½	18½
Tilden,	—	1	5	6
Wellington,	½	5	—	5½
Smith,	2	—	—	2
Hapgood,	—	—	1½	1½
Davis. H. S.,	—	1	—	1
Davis. G. P.,	—	—	1	1
Parks,	—	1	—	1
Fuller,	—	1	—	1
Clement,	½	—	—	½
Total,	28	74	74	176



In the Spring of '95 came the first indoor meet ever held by the W. P. I. A. A. and the Senior Class was in its glory still. The great event of the evening was the class team race, and '95 proved herself as swift indoors as out, and won the cups for the event. The running of Field was a great credit to both Institute and Class.

At present writing we are looking forward to the Spring meet and to Intercollegiate Day. As for Intercollegiate, the showing made last year seems to have awakened the men. The development of athletes at the Indoor meet seems to hint at success this Spring. 'Ninety-five, seizing this last opportunity, will surely have her men out to do their best and help bring Tech to the front among the colleges of New England.

The Class of 1900; A Fin de Siècle Query.

When the Cycle's latest hours are growing still more short,
And the 1900 men our portals pass,
Will the Juniors, with that humor which has always been their forte,
Describe them as a very nought-y class?

When at foot-ball or at base-ball they struggle on the field
And strive to tumble up a proper score,
Will those goose eggs act as nest eggs and cause the Preps to yield
By generating half a dozen more?



Farmer Jones

Tells of His Visit to the W. P. I.

WALL, boys, them fellers up at thet place they call the W. P. I. think they're mighty smart an' I daon' know but what they're jest about right, b'Gosh! I went up thar with my boy John, an' I tell ye, I saw some darn cur'us things.

Furst of all, we went up in the mawnin', and John sed we'd go up ter chapel. So up we went, an' all we saw wuz a room with a platform. Thar wuz one man on the platform an' a boy a settin' afore a desk. I as't John what ther feller was a doin', an' he said ther feller wuz hittin' ther box. Jest then I seen et wuz a ogin' an' ther feller begun ter play "Let us with a gladsome mind", an' I thought then I'd show 'em I wuz up ter ther games an' I sez, "He's hittin' ter a purty good tune." "Yes," sez John, "I kin hit ter a purty good tune, merself, ef I want ter." "Wal, I'd like ter hear yer," I sez. Then John as't me fer \$10, an' when I giv it ter him every one standin' 'round lafed, though I'll be durned ef I see an'thin' funny 'bout et.

After that we went daown stars an' went inter a room whar John sed they wuz hevin' a débate. I doan' know what thet is, but I heerd sum durn funny things. Ther fellers got up one a'ter another an' went up ter a platform an' sed, "Mister Chairman an' gentlemen ter begin with," I cudn't help thinkin' 'twas a mighty good thing they had sumthin' ter begin with, fer durn few on 'em hed an'thin' ter end with. One on 'em sed sumthin' 'bout this new fangled thing called minority repersentashun an' sed a man cud pole twenty-four thousand votes. Thet made me laf and I got right up an' sed a man 'ud have ter work durned hard ter dew thet in one day. Then I sed I didn't believe et either, for when I wuz runnin' fer ther skule kermittie daown hum, I tried ter vote fer merself twice an' they run me inter ther lock-up. Then every one lafed, though I'll be durned ef I see an'thin' funny in it.

When we got out er thet, John sed we'd go inter English. Ther wuz a man thet talked a lot. He read sum'thin' outer a book an' sed thet it wuz dryden. I cudn't help thinkin' it wuz purty much thet way now. Thet man made me think of a joke I seen in one er them picture papers ther boys sells on ther train. Ther heddin' wuz, "Things one ud ruther hev left unused," an' I cudn't help thinkin' thet ef ther fellers wuz a makin' up a list er them things, thet they'd put what this man sed at ther beginin'.

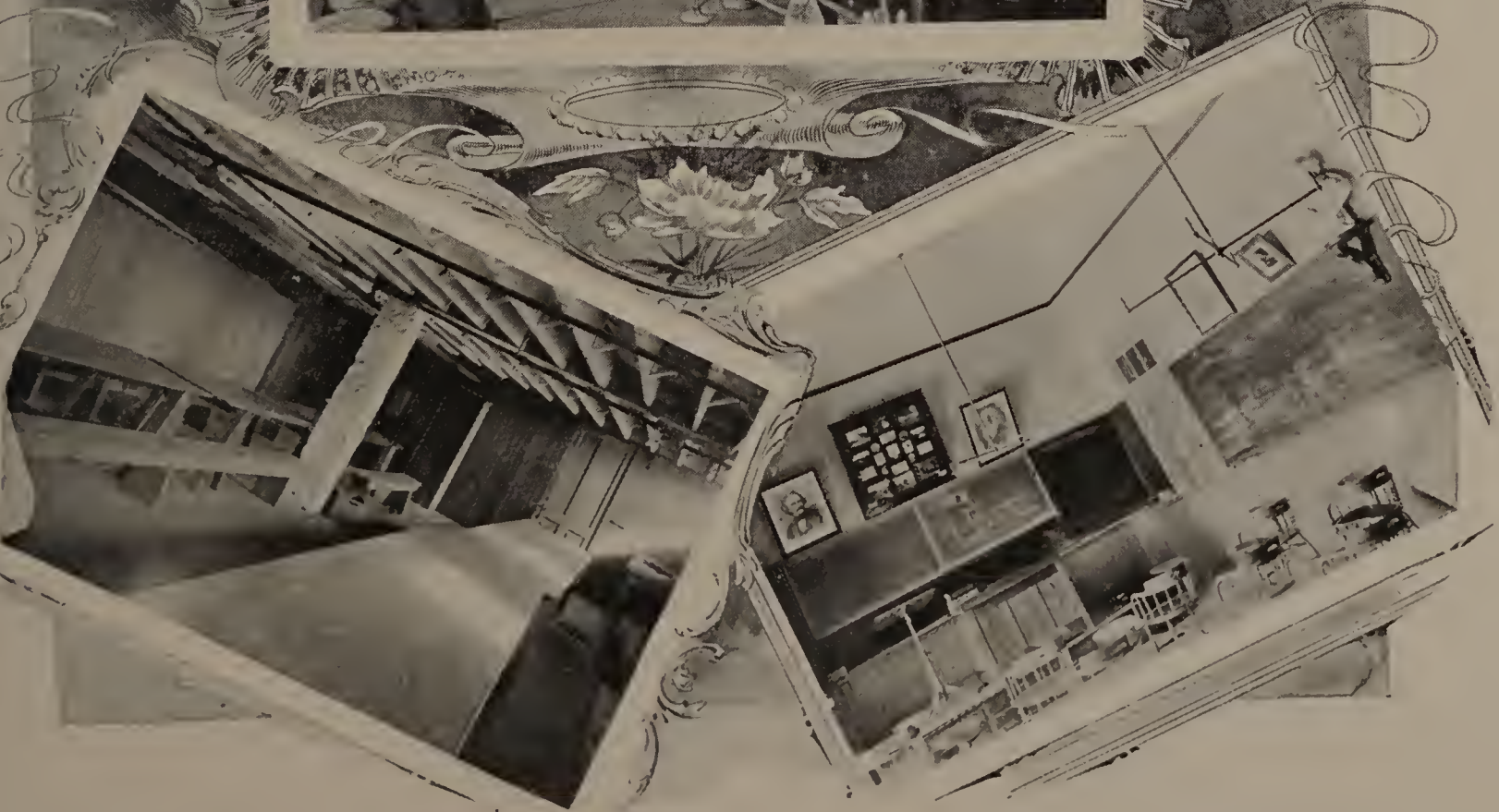
Wall, we got aout, an' John wuz showin' me 'roun' when we seed a lot er fellers in line. I as't John what it wuz fer an' he sed they wer ther good boys watin' fer ther prizes. I as't what ther prizes wuz an' he sed one-third of er cent fer every ten hours work. I thought thet were durn gen'ous er ther man what giv' et ter 'em.

Wall, a'ter we'd been 'round a good bit, I sez ter John, yu've showed me Saulsbury Laber'tories, an' Washburn Shops, an' ther new buildin', an' Boynton Hall, but whar's thet Mendin Hall I hearn so much 'bout lately. Then ey'ry one lafed, but I'll be durned ef I seen enythin' funny 'bout et.

— But, my goodness, boys, I'll hev ter quit loafin' 'round here an' go an' tackel thet pesky cow er mine. John giv' me some durn good advice 'bout er cow yer can't milk an' I gess I'll foller it. What is it? Oh! he said I'd better get er pull with ther cow.



A "PULL"

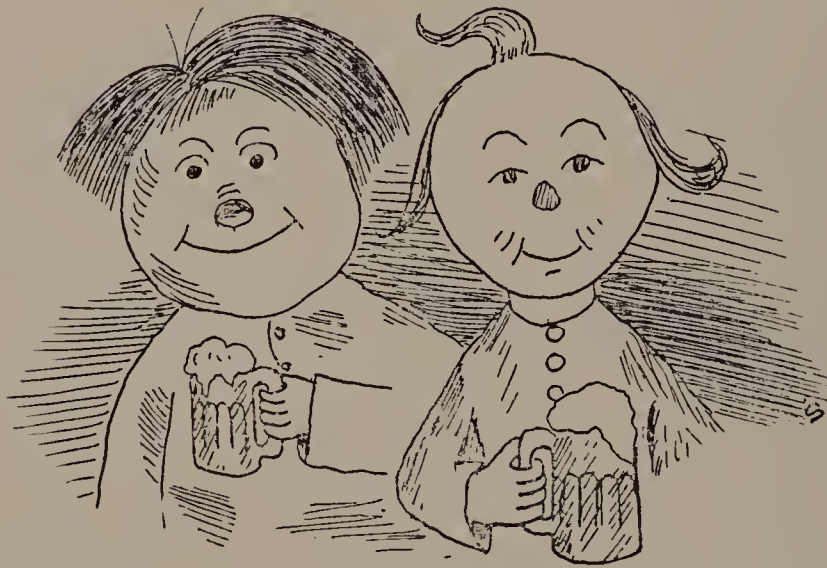




Introduction.

“Ah, how oft we read or hear of
Boys we almost stand in fear of!”
William Busch says in his stories
Of two youths named Max and Maurice.
Max and Maurice were two Germans
And their tricks would equal Hermann’s.

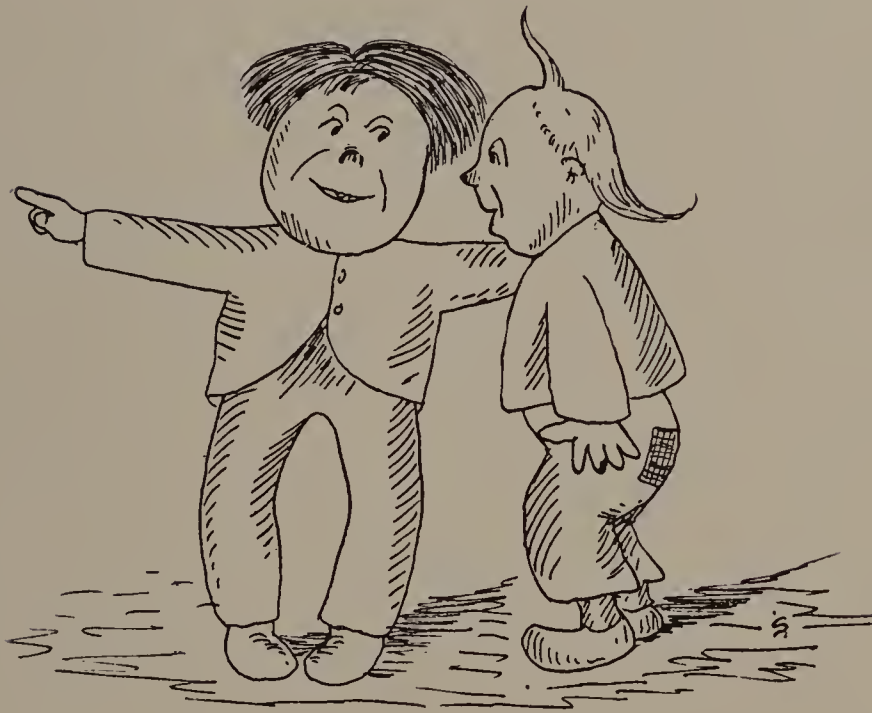
I'll also tell you of two boys
 Who found in tricks their chiefest joys,
 And who, more wicked far than they,
 Led many other boys astray.
 And, as names which suit them very
 Well, we'll call them Tom and Jerry.



Worcester is a quiet place,
 Few more so on earth's broad face ;
 And for those who have a yearning
 To acquire skill or learning
 And for life's work to prepare
 There is that in Worcester air
 Which invigorates the minds
 As well as hair of studious grinds.
 So of course the schools are many
 Where the people all or any,
 May attend and stay until
 Each of knowledge has his fill.
 As all know, who are well read,
 Polytech stands at the head.
 Here Tom and Jerry went to school,
 Here they learned to play the fool,
 Here it was, by chance, befell
 The tricks of which I'll try to tell.

TRICK FIRST.

Tom and Jerry, strolling round
On a search for mischief bound,
Chanced to glance at Boynton Hall,
At its tower, straight and tall,

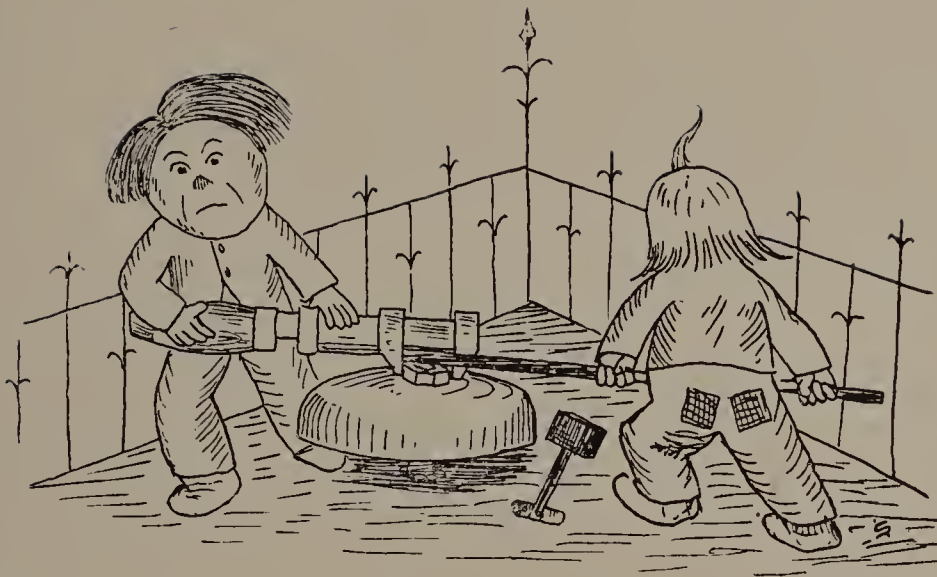


And just then the hour rang out
In tones that were both good and stout,
Though it sounded, truth to tell,
Like an ancient, cracked cow-bell.
At the first reverberation
Came to each imagination
An idea that they might,
Helped by comrades and the night,
Rid them of its doleful moan.
Each in wild, excited tone,
Cried aloud, "I know, I'll tell
You what we'll do, we'll steal the bell."
No sooner was the wild scheme hatched
Than the two had quickly matched

To see which should the tools procure,
Which of comrades to make sure.



Tom and Jerry that same night,
When the stars were shining bright,
One with monkey-wrench in hand,
Followed by a jovial band,
Climbed Tech Hill, and one and all
Entered into Boynton Hall.
Up the stairs they quickly climbed
Leaving two stout men behind,
Who, if guardian of the place
Should awake and show his face
Outside of his chamber door,
Should strike him quickly to the floor.
One, two, three, and in a trice,
Quietly as any mice,
On the tower's top they stand,
Far above surrounding land.
The gong is fastened with a nut,
Rather old and rusty, but



Here the wrench comes into play,
 And in scientific way,
 As they learned in Washburn Shop,
 Wrench on nut they quickly pop.
 A hearty heave, but ah! alack!
 It is too hard a nut to crack,
 Though the heaves are hard and long,
 United strength can't move the gong.

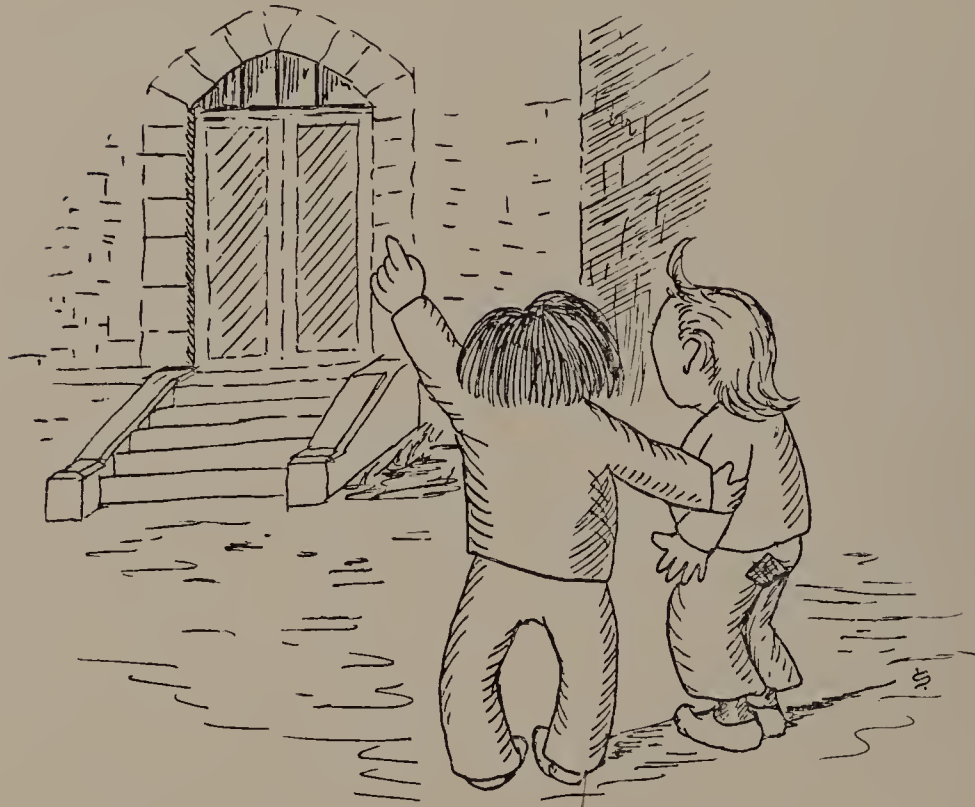


Sadly, slowly, down they go,
 Nothing for their work to show.

This is the bad boys' first trick,
 But the next will follow quick.

TRICK SECOND.

Shortly after, one bad boy,
To his and to the other's joy,



Said, "I have a good idea,
And I think it very queer,
That, when we the other night
Could not strike that nut aright,
It did not occur to us
That, with very little fuss,
We might have taken just one hand
From the clock, and then our band
Of jovial comrades could declare
That the sport they'd had was rare ;
At recitations could be late
And be quite sure of easy fate ;
For, without the hand to show,
They couldn't tell the time, you know."
So that night, the self-same band
On the tower took its stand,



And with very little noise
For so very many boys,
In less time than it takes to tell
Their work they had accomplished well.



Then, with gilded booty, they
 Started on their homeward way,
 Feeling each well satisfied,
 For it could not be denied
This time they 'd succeeded well,
 Of this nut they 'd cracked the shell.

This was the bad boys' second trick,
 But the next will follow quick.

TRICK THIRD.

As upon the morrow morn,
 Profs from slumbers rudely torn,



Slowly clambered up that mound
 Where stern knowledge doth abound,
 What should meet their sleepy gaze
 As, through morning's misty haze,
 They glance upward at the clock!
 One hand was gone, perhaps in hock!



Now the profs could look with eye
 Quite unmoved at tablets high
 On the walls, which said that the
 Knowledge taught within was free ;
 They could give out with a smile
 Lessons that were of a style
 That would surely fill with fright
 The timid heart of each poor wight ;
 But when this trick they espied
 Their anger they could scarcely hide,
 But the thieves they could not find
 For they'd left no trace behind.
 So the best of it they made,
 To Washburn Shops they went for aid.



There was made a second hand
 Like that stolen by the band.
 But alas that hand would ne'er
 Be carried up the tower stair.
 The work of making it was o'er,
 The gilding was spread on galore,
 And, when it was finished quite,
 'Twas left to dry just over night.
 But just before they closed the shop,
 Sly young Jerry chanced to stop
 To the man a word to say,
 To pass with him the time of day.
 Then to the main shop he repairs,
 But in passing down the stairs
 From the keyhole quickly he
 Slips with ease the paint-room key,
 To himself says, "Fun's in store,
 For they can not lock the door."
 That very night there steal along,
 As *zwölf heures* sounds upon the gong,

Two shadowy forms which climb the hill,
 And creep along with steps so still,
 Which you 'll, dear reader, with surprise,
 As Tom and Jerry recognize.
 Up to a window quick they scurry,
 A pane they smash out in a hurry.



A jump, a push, and Tom is through,
 A jump, a pull, his friend 's there too.
 Then quickly to the paint shop stair,
 Where foxy Jerry is aware
 That naught placed by the hand of man
 Will there obstruct his well-laid plan.
 Up the steps they steal with care
 And the hand they find is there.

By the aid of candle light,
 Provided by young Tom's foresight,
 With the hand beneath one arm
 Out they scurry in alarm

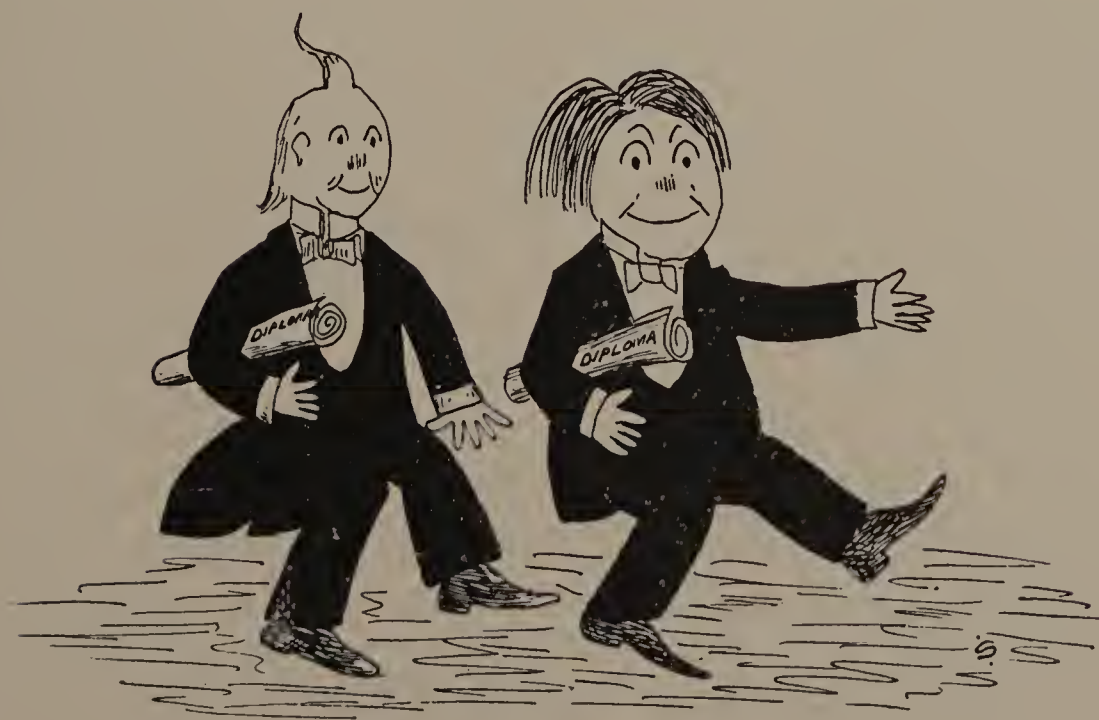


Lest policeman passing by
 Should the light in shop espy.
 Of their booty now quite sure
 To a hiding place secure
 Off they trot. Behold the sight
 That met the rascals' gaze that night ;
 In a small nook lay their spoil,
 Fruit of many a hard night's toil !
 Wrench, key, and other things behold ;
 And, on the top, two hands of gold !

This is the bad boys' third trick
 But the last will follow quick.

TRICK FOURTH.

Tom and Jerry, I grow sick
 When I think of your last trick.
 You, who for tricks showed such a bent,
 Why were you not with tricks content?
 O, why with such a glowing future
 Should you your chances thusly butcher?
 But, of this last trick so bold,
 The story is too quickly told.
 Every morning just at nine,
 Were the weather rain or shine,
 Tom and Jerry, each with face
 Long drawn out and pious grace,
 Would chapel exercise attend
 And the fifteen minutes spend
 In looking good and singing things
 So sweet you'd almost look for wings.
 The Faculty,—they 're always there,—
 Were pleased with such attendance rare.
 The sad result now all may see,
 For each bad boy 's a staid S. B.



Guy.

IT would scarcely seem, to the Chemist of one class at least, that this, the record of our past happiness, would be complete without some mention of Guy, the Lord of the Stock-room. He it was who, during the long hours of hard labor to which the patrons of this course are condemned, dispensed the merry test tubes whose sides were cracked with laughing at his jokes, and the gentle thistle tube. He it was who, with a charming smile, through these two years, has dealt out the deadly K C N and the pure white Ca Cl₂, whose only fault was a too great fondness for that clear, sparkling, yet dangerous fluid, H₂ O.

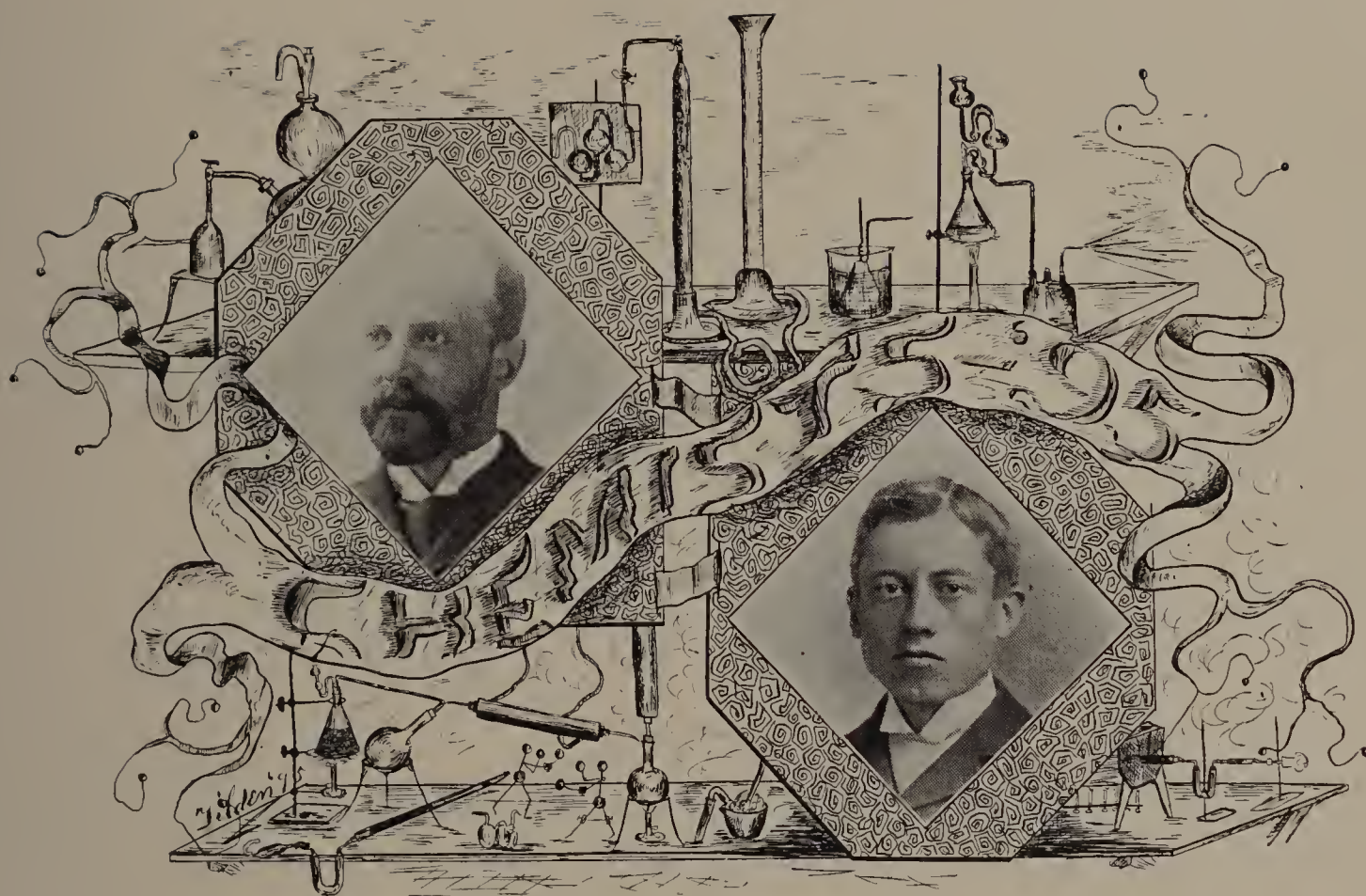
This chief chamberlain to his majesty, Dr. Kinnicutt, is of a genial nature, and his beaming countenance has often brought warmth to the heart chilled by that icy feeling of despair which always followed an unexpected quiz. He loves a joke, particularly when it is on a friend. It was he, we believe, who asked us wherein a Chemist, plugging for his Semi-annuals, was like an ore in the first steps of decomposition, and when we, after prolonged thought, gave up the problem, gently murmured something about grinding and being roasted. We saw the grind.

Guy never forgets an enemy and never remembers a friend.

And now a word as to his duties, which are most arduous. From his title one will easily see that he is guardian of that sacred domain, the stock-room, and his little acts of kindness there have been mentioned above.

Beside this he spends three or four hours a day exercising the high-speed, Washburn Shop Elevator, throwing about carboys of H₂ S O₄, and preparing the Dr.'s lecture table. The most important duty of the day, however, is his care of those particular pets of Dr. Kinnicutt, the bacteria. Every morning at an early hour our little hero, with nothing on his face but a smile, enters fearlessly the den of wild and savage animals, and forthwith dexterously grooms them and gives them their breakfast. One day a water pipe burst in the retreat of these valuable animals, and loss of life among them would surely have resulted, had not our little Willie rushed in 'midst the foaming waters and, with a large pair of nippers, pulled the great-grandfather and the great-great-grandfather out by their beaks.

After all is said, Guy is the Chemist's friend. His cheerful smile, his kindly word, and his ever-ready wit are all things which we will keep, in later years, among the pleasantest memories of the Salisbury Labs.



“YOU FELLOWS live a little life all of your own up there in the Labs, don’t you?” Thus remarked a Mechanic one day when he had come up to get a little vial filled with $C S_2$. The first time Dr. Kinnicutt saw us, there were thirteen of us, including two “new course” men. The Doctor remarked at the time that he had never graduated more than six, so we sorrowfully filed out, wondering who were to be the fortunate. The first six months contained but little chemistry, so we all survived, but the next half we became indeed acquainted with bottles, stinks, and other chemical pleasures. Pete “knew it all,” because he had had it before, while another student gave us lessons in methods of performing experiments, in the note book, without the use of chemicals. Our chief work was to keep Mr. Sweetzer, and “Walter, the kid,” hustling to fill our reagent bottles and smell of our solutions. Summer practice sent us to the Organic Lab. One day, ’94 Chemists politely informed us that, according to custom, we should be obliged to “set up” the lemonade, and so when we made our beverage, we labeled it “’94, positively keep out” * * * and they kept out!! We had now established for ourselves a reputation. Farwell was recognized as the only “Royal Flush” in the class, and Townsend’s quiet little way was characteristic.

When we returned in September, we found at roll-call that Spencer had decided that he knew enough, and had tried teaching school, Nutt had found the "gang" too tough for him, and so had sought education elsewhere, Ned had decided, on account of ill health, to rest awhile, Libbey had dropped back into '97, and Ware concluded to try Boston Tech so as to be with the real sports. Joe Tilden, disliking the idea of becoming a scientist, made application to the "Order of Chemists" and was admitted. This made a total of nine, and yet the Doctor said he could graduate but six. We started quantitative, and in a few weeks we had almost caught up to '94 in work. Between times, we took lessons from Killam, in approved methods of pitching pennies. "Guy" now made his appearance, and it was one never to be forgotten. His swift (?) manner of procuring beakers when we were in a hurry, was characteristic. Yet, his stories and jokes were always welcome, and it indeed took pretty sharp work for one to get even a test tube, without an order. Greenwood gave instructions in slopology, but his class finally dwindled down to zero. The dreaded Senior year found our number seven, (rather near the limit), and yet we struggled on with the analysis of butter, milk, etc., longing for the beer to come, but the Doctor, for some unknown reason, substituted whiskey for beer, and even Farwell was obliged to determine per cent. of alcohol, etc., in whiskey.

But we know a little beside chemistry, even although we have not studied calc, mechanics, or anything of the kind, and we are up in athletics. At the great athletic day in Spring of '94, when it was feared that '94 would win, the chemists of '95, alone, scored more points than the whole Class of '94, and Pete came near getting individual score.

The terrible Organic Chemistry, which we had so feared, was but a pleasure to us, on account of the interesting and pleasing lectures of Dr. Jennings. It would, indeed, be difficult to find one better acquainted with the entire subject, or one who could take more personal interest in each student than he has; and he will be long remembered by the entire body of chemists as a kind instructor and a pleasant companion in the Laboratory.

During almost the entire Senior year we were doing extra work, as we had finished the regular work, so the Doctor did not give us our Thesis subjects till almost May, lest we should finish them too soon.

In conclusion, it may be said that although Chemistry has had its terrors, as we look back upon our course, it is with a feeling of regret that it has at last ended.



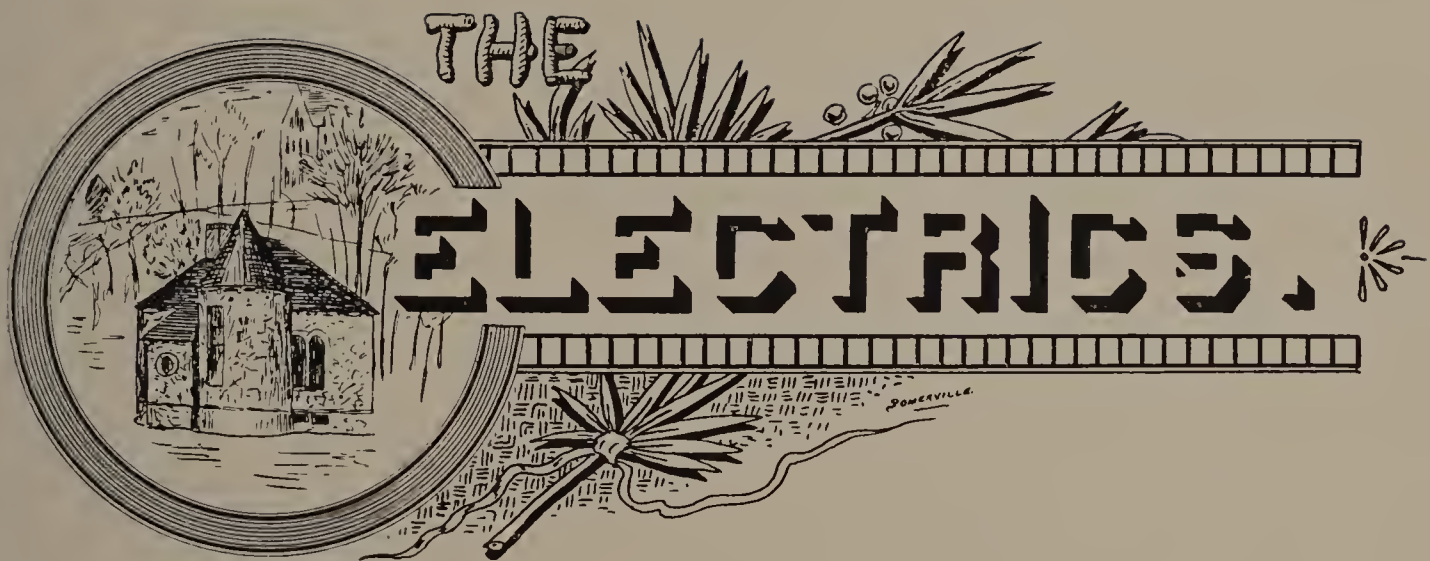
IN SEPTEMBER of 1892, just as the leaves were changing color, the Class of '95 received an addition to its numbers in the shape of twelve healthy individuals, who asserted their intentions of following the straight and narrow path of civil engineering. Ten of this number were new to the Institute, but the remaining two were gentlemen who could not longer stand the contaminating influence of the Class of '94, and so dropped out in order to join us. But, alas, the contracted disease was too deeply rooted, and, when the first Semi-annuals enveloped us in clouds of misery and doubt, these two misguided youths left us for good, having never been able to recover from the effects of former associations.

For the first half year our life was uneventful. Occasionally we got a chance to put in a word in algebra, when Prof. Beals or Taylor of the Mechanics were not speaking, which was mighty seldom. We came through the examinations with colors flying, and made our début in the Civil Room one bright afternoon early in February. About this time, we received an addition, in the shape of a gentleman

who had been largely instrumental in the construction of the City Water Works at Brockton, the previous Summer.

When the snow had cleared away, we sailed out, armed with pointed gas pipes, hatchets, pins and steel tapes, and proceeded to survey everything surveyable from Dungarven Hill to Paxton. At about this time we added a valuable fact to the fund of engineering knowledge, by ascertaining that the sum of the four angles included by Boynton, Highland, Dean Streets and Institute Road, was three hundred and seventy-nine degrees. For some unknown reason, this startling discovery has not yet found its way into the Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Assisted by the gentlemanly and obliging Mr. Booth, we surveyed all kinds and shapes of land during the remainder of that year. Returning in September following, we amused ourselves by taking levels of each square inch of the Institute grounds. Here one of our men distinguished himself by his ability to use toad-stools or mud-puddles for turning points, which of course added greatly to the accuracy of our work. Throughout all our work in surveying, we constantly manifested an undying desire to—get through, and the rate with which we started out was the reciprocal of that we used coming home. In the spring of our Junior year, we laid out that time-honored railroad, and calculated the volume of almost enough dirt to bury the conceit of the second-class aggregation which preceded us the year before. [See “The Aftermath of ’94,” page 165, last verse]. And now when you come to this point, just bear in mind that the phenomenal forty-nine hour map record made by ’94 is no longer of any use, for our best record was *thirty-nine*, and the class average only fifty-two. When we returned to our Senior year work, we began the agony of bridge work, and have since tackled all kinds of trusses known and unknown, (mostly the latter, to us, at least). Arches, walls, weirs and dams (lots of ’em) have each received their share of attention, and still we live!

And now, as we close, we must not fail to mention the winding path of Mechanics, along which we have been led by His Excellency. By processes of hypnotism, known only to us, we have often convinced him that the same problem had three or four answers, and what we have left undone has been admirably finished by our co-laborers in their steam and thermo. And now, kind reader, we beg of you, in closing, to remember us with all possible indulgence. As we go from here, with our faces turned to different points of the compass, speak kindly of us. Forget our failings,—remember our good qualities, and, when we are done, carefully wrap the drapery of our couch about us, and lay us down as if to pleasant dreams, but,—*plant us deep!*



AS THE Pilgrims, in 1620, sought a home and a shelter from the tyranny of King Charles, on the wild and barren shores of New England, so we, oppressed by a native despotism, fled the terrors of the Shop at the beginning of our Senior year to brave the dangers of an electrical laboratory. All histories of communities must of necessity treat, at least slightly, of the causes of and reasons for their present position. In the college publication may be found accounts of the famous "Shop Rules." Indeed, they are an invention well worthy of the recognition they have received. Here in this corner of our educational world, and just when the light of progress was beginning to blaze on the rest, affairs had taken a step backward into that blackened and gloomy abyss of despotism. And so we can lay our finger directly on the cause of the large attendance at the weekly lectures on electrical work.

Fairly established in our new field, with lead wires and shunt properly connected, our course has run—at a low speed always—quite smoothly. The writing of Lab Reports, the great love of everyone, was soon done away with, and Lab books substituted. And in them is stored the knowledge obtained from experiments made under the careful personal direction of the post-graduates, for although it was rumored that a Mr. Phelon was instructor in that department, we were never disturbed by him. Values of galvanometer constants, ranging from plus to minus infinity, temperature co-efficients we had found—in someone else's

book—calorimeter results that would make a Mechanic's eyes turn green with envy, plotted curves, rivaling Freddie Martin's in intricacy, are but a few of the valuable things contained within the covers of these little books.

For a while, in lectures, we had a chance to display our vast knowledge of electrical science before the rest of the class. So quickly did the members of Division B answer all questions put to the class, that Kinnie was obliged to ask us to shut up and give the other fellows a show. The lectures were by far the best we had yet heard in the Institute, and a friendly feeling at once arose between instructor and instructed. This feeling grew when the Professor announced that usually he would not call the scheduled recitation of Wednesday morning—although, to tell the truth, we did not know then what fair attraction was leading him from his post of duty to remote parts of the state. But the climax of all was when the announcement was made that he guessed we didn't need any Semi-annual examination in his subject. Of course we knew it all. We knew, to an ounce, how much copper is needed to transmit the power at Chaffin's to the 'Tech. We were sure that Edison was no inventor, knew very little about electrical science, and, in short, was a very common-place sort of a man. We could discuss fluently concerning the patents of the Brush Electric Company, and the way in which said company was lording it over smaller firms. We knew that a drop in voltage was caused by a little fellow, who, spoon in hand, sat calmly on a thousand-volt circuit and supped sumptuously on the volts we were missing.

Meanwhile dynamo—always accent the second syllable, unless you forget to—design was being drilled into us. It made our hearts ache to see the Prof perform work as he turned the single coil of wire around in the earth's field, and generated a current, a *real* current; then twisted himself out of joint to see which way a right-handed screw would go when turned backwards, rivaling in his acrobatic distortions another professor who tried to swim in the current, facing the needle, and find out where his right hand was. Direct current work occupied our attention well into the second half. Then alternating currents were investigated. We learned that in one season of the year a man will pay interest for a loan of money, while at other times he is willing to pay the one who is kind enough to take it off his hands. This phenomenon, we will explain, is caused by the income tax. It is also an alternating current, although you may not believe it.

Early in our last half year the spectre, Thesis, began to loom up ahead of us, and many were the delightful subjects suggested for our investigation. A machine, whereby a man, by sitting on a pile of bricks, could tell his exact weight, was one of the fascinating allurers. A means of grading glass, by means of rainbow colors,

brought out by electricity, interested us greatly. The determination of lag angle—very great in the division as far as getting to recitations is concerned—was one of the subjects assigned. And so on, each took his hobby, and spent a pleasant vacation (?) in the delightful work of winding coils, getting shocks, and burning out machines, our expert electrician even trying hard for distinction in the last.

And yet we are not satisfied. The thirst for learning in our branch is intense in several of our division, and a number of post-graduate students in electrical engineering will take the place of those who leave this year, and will keep alive a while longer at Tech, the memory of the Class of '95.



A SPARK COIL.

Answers to Correspondents.

Absent.—Your excuse at the shop should read “Sickness,” to insure prompt acceptance.

Maud.—He was dropped last March, for smoking cigarettes.

Freshman.—Marks are given wholly on “personal.” There is no way of learning your standing in any study.

Poet.—Send your poem to the *W P I*. Address, Poet’s Corner.

’Ninety-nine.—The September style of overalls is materially the same as a year ago.

Viola.—Marry him by all means ; he made his fortune by selling books at the Tech.

’Ninety-six.—If you enjoy thermo dynamics, you should consult a reliable physician at once.

English Student.—(1) It is not necessary to read the books before you write abstracts of them. (2) The syllabi have never been translated.

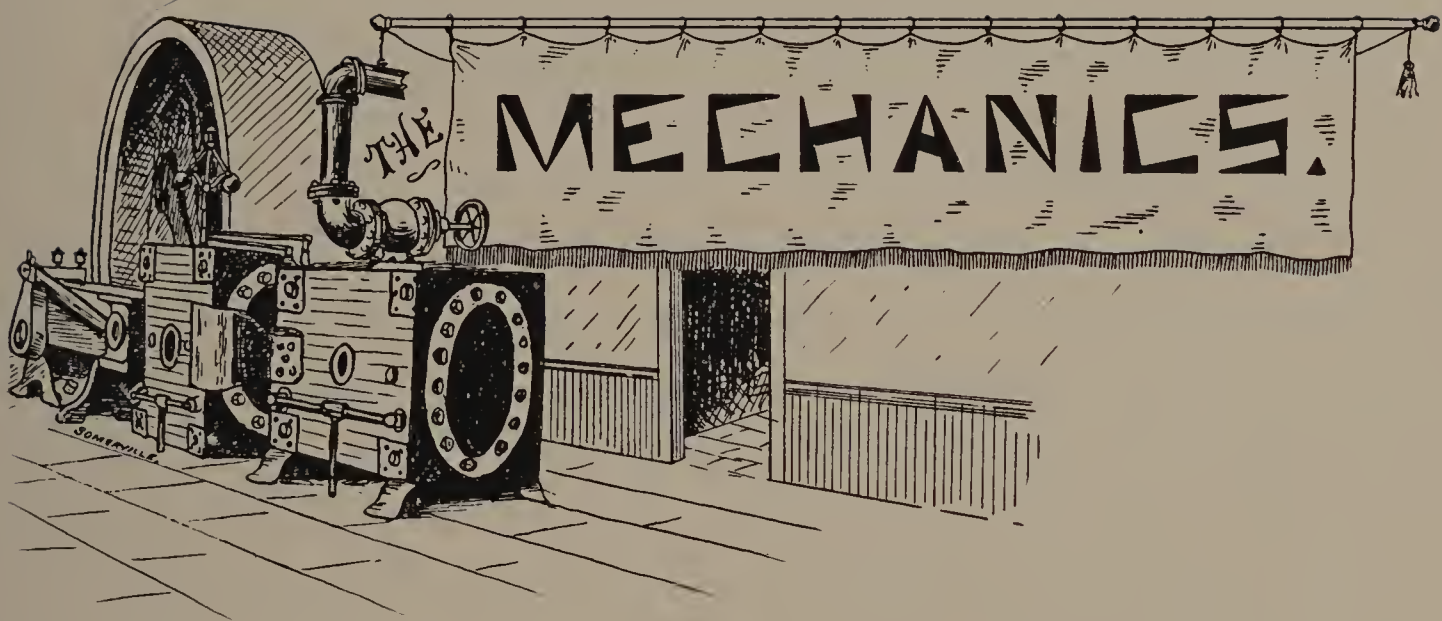
Mechanic.—There is no distinction between the Washburn Shops and the Norton Emery Wheel Company.

Anxious Reader.—Your case would not be considered. It does not follow that because you pay tuition you have any right to petition the Faculty.

Mechanic.—You are wrong. Oldham, the inventor of Oldham’s Coupling, was not a relative of Francis Bacon.

Iron Worker.—The “Standard” shapes do not vary much from week to week.

Inquirer.—The influence of the “Telegram Bicycle Contest” on literature, is explained on syllabus CLVI.



One by one they sadly left us,
One by one we saw them fall;
Of their cheer, time has bereft us,
Now our thoughts recall them all.

JUST a dozen left of those sixty-five brilliant young men who went in the wood-room one eventful morning in January, 1892. How vividly our imagination pictures those scenes, typical of Prepdom, when we recall the incidents of Tech life. We instinctively reach for a mallet as some evil phantom whispers: "Who was George Washington?" and while the din is still echoing through the other rooms, a voice of authority exclaims in forced allegretto: "Less noise there!"

It was in this formative period that we flaunted a silk hat in the face of the indignant Juniors and laughed at their vain endeavors to dislodge it from the window sill.

Here we planned the mid-winter snow-ball carnival with '94, which proved so disastrous to the glass in the buildings bordering on the quadrangle. But in spite of these little shortcomings we showed an unusual ability in carpentry, and assisted materially in carrying out the professed object of the Institute. On Commencement Day the wood-room resembled a furniture store during a fire-sale. McFadden stood radiantly beside a two-story writing desk which he had built, with suggestions from the other sixty-four.

Bert Howe proudly displayed a three-cornered case of shelves, designed to hold dress patterns ; while Parks pointed with pride to a camera, patched with black court-plaster, to keep the light out.

And now, in September, 1892, everything was ripe for the transition to the machine shop. But how our ranks had been thinned ; our comedians, humorists and story-tellers seemed to have furnished special targets for the enmity of the Faculty, at their semi-annual session.

Here we scoffed at the slow-running lathes, and longed for the murderous Daniels planer. Ford early distinguished himself by carefully adjusting a piece of white paper behind the tail center of a lathe and after having thrown on the power and observed the center closely through his glasses, reported that it was perfectly true.

In fact, we were a class of typical "heathen," that Mr. Mitchell loves to spin yarns about.

Later in our course we were the instigators of many radical changes in the Washburn Shops. Taylor, after having his polka-dot shirt stolen three times, went to the office one afternoon with the class towel wrapped about his shoulders, and made such a vigorous protest against open lockers that the superintendent immediately ordered one hundred and fifty new closets, provided with special Yale locks, placed in the basement.

Clapp, while working at the milling machine, attracted attention by casting amorous glances at the typewriter. The next day the desk of that young lady was turned through an angle of 180° . We could then admire only the Psyche knot on her shapely head.

A greater part of our members availed themselves of the opportunity opened at the beginning of the Senior year, and entered the Electrical course ; and now we are but twelve. As we say our farewell to those who have guided our faltering steps in the Washburn Shops, we will repeat with all sincerity the lines :

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Have helped us in our daily needs."

Definitions.

VACATION.—A time for work.

AN ECCENTRIC.—A crank, one who always tends to go off on a tangent. *Ill.*,
G. I. A.

AN ATHLETIC CAPTAIN.—One who runs in opposition to his own team.

A CURRENT TOPIC CLUB.—A place to file applications for a pull.

ORIGINAL JOKES.—Not over two years old. *Ill.*, J. E. S.

AN INSTRUCTOR.—A graduate of the W. P. I. who has never had experience elsewhere.

THE SHOP.—A place to get dirty.

FREE HAND DRAWING.—A study for the improvement of base-ball.

MECHANICAL DRAWING.—The study of free-hand lettering.

THERMO.—An exhausting research through Peabody's Steam Tables.

SOCIOLOGY.—The study of man as a whole.

DEDUCTION AND INDUCTION.—In deduction the rules are given and you do the examples by them. In induction we do the opposite.

CHASER.—A pleasant beverage sometimes indulged in by gentlemen from the North.

Shylock, Jr.;

Or, The Merchant up to Date.

A MUSICAL BURLESQUE IN THREE ACTS.

Music by William S. B. Dana, '97.

Book by Henry W. Doe.

(COPYRIGHTED, 1895, BY H. W. DOE AND W. S. B. DANA).

Presented at Worcester Theatre, Friday and Saturday, April 26 and 27, 1895, by the Students of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. The proceeds to be devoted to the interests of the W. P. I. Athletic Association.

Cast.

SHYLOCK, doing business as "The Shylock Collateral Loan Co.," the unpleasant person of the play, unpopular in spite of his willingness to accommodate those who desire temporary financial assistance on easy terms, GEORGE WILLIAM THROOP, '97.

ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice, whose efforts to assist the leading and juvenile lovers of the cast, lead him into more difficulties than is usual with the "kind friend" of drama, with sporting tendencies, THEO. LAMSON, '97.

BASSANIO, *Antonio's* running mate, who is entirely self-reliant, except in money matters; in love with *Portia*, EDWARD C. TRASHER, '98.

LORENZO, who supplies the romantic element, and who considers *Jessica* "a bird." ROBERT H. TAYLOR, '95.

SALANIO, a friend of the principal characters, who is occasionally obliged to assume the explanatory functions of a Greek chorus, FRED. D. CRAWSHAW, '96.

GRATIANO, a second edition of *Salanio*, (limited), who has his own opinions of the author, HORACE CARPENTER, '96.

THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, a suitor for the hand of *Portia*, very little altered from Mr. Shakspeare's original, EUGENE A. COPELAND, '95.



THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, another suitor, who is also very much as the Bard of Avon intended him to be,		HARRY D. TEMPLE, '95.	
THE DUKE OF VENICE, whose rulings would do credit to the most celebrated of modern justices,		HENRY S. FAVOR, '95.	
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, servant to <i>Shylock</i> , and afterwards to every one in the cast, the ideal Shakspearian clown.		ARCHIBALD W. MERCHANT, '97.	
COPPO COPPI, a guardian of the law, who cannot be found in the original, but who undoubtedly would have been had Shakspeare been bright enough to think of it,		H. W. DOE.	
FIRST BARRISTER, a victim of judicial spleen,		FRANK W. SMITH, '97.	
PORTIA, who represents the Shakspearian idea of "the new woman," with a liking for <i>Bassanio</i> ,		JOSEPH M. TILDEN, '95.	
JESSICA, Shylock's daughter, who has an understanding with <i>Lorenzo</i> and a fondness for romance; the only tenor in the cast.		GEORGE O. SANFORD, '95.	
NERISSA, soubretta, <i>Portia's</i> companion,		ALEXANDER W. DOE, '95.	
CARMENCITA,	Spanish Dancing Girls, attending <i>Arragon</i> .	{	A. H. WARREN, '95.
OTERO,			H. S. DAVIS, '95.
LA GUITANA,			A. E. FAY, '95.
ESTUDIANTINA,			W. H. CUNNINGHAM, '96.
NELLIE,	Dancing Dolls.	{	HERVEY G. PHELPS, '96.
SALLIE,			HARRY M. WARREN, '96.
MOLLIE,			CLIFTON B. SYNYER, '98.
MILLIE, a little out of order,			ARTHUR S. NEWCOMBE, '98.
PETE,	Nubian Slaves attending <i>Morocco</i> .	{	H. J. CHAMBERS, '95.
SAM,			A. W. WALLS, '95.
EPH,			E. F. DARLING, '96.
JAKE,			A. B. STONE, '96.
SAMBO,			W. E. CARROLL, '96.
GUMBO,			A. J. GIFFORD, '96.
JIM,			J. T. ROOD, '98.
ABE,			T. F. O'CONNOR, '95.
The W. P. I. Banjo Club, H. J. CHAMBERS, Leader.			

Ballet.

PREMIERE ASSOLUTA, ALBA H. WARREN, '95.			
SECONDAS.			
H. S. DAVIS, '95.	A. E. FAY, '95.	W. H. CUNNINGHAM, '96.	ROGER POLK, '96.

CORYPHEES.

J. Arthur LeClerc, '95,	J. Warren Thayer, '95,	Albert J. Gifford, '96,
William O. Wellington, '95,	Albert W. Howe, '95,	William D. Edwards, '97,
George A. Denny, '95,	George S. Gibbs, '96,	Henry S. Lancaster, '97,
Charles A. Brown, '98,	Clarence M. Hall, '98,	William Henry Stone, '97.

Chorus.

Gondoliers, Flower-Girls, Hot-Sausage Men, Guests, Barristers, Etc.

TENORS—1st, Fred T. Craig, J. T. Rood, George D. Alderman.

TENORS—2d, William B. Bicknell, Harry W. Cardwell, W. B. Bingham,
C. C. Brooks, Harry E. Wheeler.

BASSOS—1st, Norman G. Burton, Walter M. Fuller, Francisco M. Ramirez,
Winfred W. Braman, Harry L. Cobb, L. J. Davis,
Herbert E. Currier, Frank W. Smith, C. A. Booth,
Ernest Mosman, L. P. Tolman.

BASSOS—2d, Louis R. Abbott, Lewis A. Howland, Frank E. Knowles,
John W. Higgins, George S. Gibbs, K. B. Reed,
C. F. Powers.

Synopsis.

ACT I.

“What news on the Rialto?”

The Business Square of Venice, with the Adriatic in the background. The loan.

ACT II.

“If to do were as easy as to know what to do.”

The Home of *Portia*, at Belmont. The choice of the caskets.

ACT III.

“Is it so nominated on the bond?”

The Temple of Justice. The Judgment.

NOTE.—Lest it should seem odd that gondoliers, flower-girls and frankfurter men are apparently guests at the Belmont Ball, it may be explained that the festivity is a fancy dress ball.

NOTE.—Wait for the great pile-driver scene. The hero's head is placed beneath a mammoth, practical and realistic pile-driver and the ponderous mechanism is set in motion. He is saved by a hair's breadth, by the intervention of the heroine. One of the most thrilling scenes ever attempted. Wait.



Synopsis of Musical Numbers and Specialties.

ACT I.

1. OPENING CHORUS.—“Toilers of Venice.”
2. SONG.—“They call me Sheeny Shylock.”
SHYLOCK.
3. SONG.—“Stars of the Highest Magnitude.”
ANTONIO AND BASSANIO.
4. SONG.—“The New Woman.”
PORTIA.
5. SHAKSPEARIAN PROVERBS.—“What Willie Says Goes.”
SHYLOCK, ANTONIO AND BASSANIO.
6. MUSICAL SPECIALTY.—“The Cosmopolitan Serenade,” introducing selections on various musical instruments.
ANTONIO AND LORENZO.
7. THE GREAT BLIZZARD BALLET, in four numbers.

ACT II.

1. DUET.—The usual Sentimental and the Good Old Song and Dance.
LORENZO AND JESSICA.
2. CHORUS.—“Here at the Belmont Ball.”
3. SONG.—Bolero and Waltz.
ARRAGON.

Divertisement by the Spanish Dancing Girls.

4. NEGRO MELODY—with Banjo Accompaniment—“Tell me, Portia, tell me, true.”
MOROCCO.
5. CASKET SONG.
PORTIA AND CHORUS.

ACT III.

1. SONG.—“The Circus.”
COPPO AND NERISSA.
2. BARRISTERS' CHORUS.
3. THE DANCING DOLLS.
4. FINAL CHORUS.

Managing Staff.

EXECUTIVE STAFF,	{	ALBA H. WARREN, '95.
	W. S. B. DANA, '97.
	J. M. TILDEN, '95.
LEADER,	CHARLES I. RICE.
BALLET MASTER,	ALEX. W. DOE, '95.
STAGE MANAGER,	H. W. DOE.
PROPERTIES,	R. SANFORD RILEY, '96.
ASSISTANT PROPERTIES,	CHARLES F. VAUGHN, '96.
PROMPTER,	VAIL WARREN, '95.



Prof's Kinni and Cone. ---

We have two good Profs, whom the fellows all love,
 And hope when they die that they'll go up above,
 Though each lesson they give, for the boys on the hill
 To swallow is worse than the most bitter pill.
 To give you their names and as names you love well,
 As well as for shortness, their nicknames I'll tell,
 And, if it's a rudeness, to them I'll atone ;
 For they're both friends of mine, are Profs Kinni and Cone.

In Prof Kinni's room our two friends one day stood,
 A-thinking up schemes for the Institute's good,
 When all of a sudden was heard through the door
 A whiz and a rush like an angry buzz-saw.
 Prof Conant looked up, as if fearing some harm,
 His face plainly showing the utmost alarm,
 "What's that?" he exclaimed, in an excited tone.
 "High-speed elevator," said Kinni to Cone.

Prof Conant was sitting, one mild, sunny day,
 A-watching the snows from the hill melt away,
 When into the room walked his good friend, Prof Kin ;
 He was covered with mud and was wet to the skin.
 In a moment Prof Conant was up and alert.
 "Has an accident happened, my friend, you're not hurt?"
 "No," Prof Kinni replied, with the smile of a king,
 "These are just what we call West Street signs of the Spring."

Prof Conant, one day, while in search of his friend,
In the old Senior Lab chanced a moment to spend,
And he saw the boys ready to drop on the floor
From fatigue caused by trying to pound up an ore.
Prof Conant, in pity, to Kinni then said,
“Now, what’s your idea? Why, you’ll have them all dead,
“Just from powdering ores in those mortars of stone.”
“O, that’s just for a grind,” said Prof Kinni to Cone.

The friends one day went in to hear a debate,
Of which Mr. Haynes had held many of late,
And when it was over, both sat in deep thought,
Till the silence one suddenly to an end brought,
“Did you notice how each one, on first stepping out,
“‘Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,’ loudly did shout?
“Yet that’s not, I will swear by the hair on my chin,
“A proper distinction,” said Conant to Kin.





OUR "A.P.A." REPRESENTATIVE,



"NO RESISTANCE"

Revenge;

OR,

The who Laughs Last Laughs Best.

SCENE—Exterior of Boynton Hall, Front.

ENTER CHORUS.

Oh ! yes, we are the chorus,
 The jolly, jolly chorus,
 We come to open up the show,
 As one and all of you must know.
 Our business here won't keep us long ;
 We'll simply give you in our song,
 Excuses for this operetta ;
 Although they're bad, we have no better.
 It chanced way back in '94,
 The year was young, a month or more,
 The Senior class a trick did play
 Upon the Juniors of that day.
 Just what it was we'll not take time
 To mention in our dog'el rhyme.
 Suffice it that we're here to-day,
 Our score with '94 to pay.

ENTER NITRAMUS, MELCIO, SKRAPALOT, ANTONIO, FEWELUS, DROFSKO, SIVADO,
RETSELIO.

SKRAPALOT. Kind friends, here gathered at our call,
Climb round and listen, one and all.
The audience you've told so nicely
Why we're here, I'll not think twicely,
But straightway to you will unfold
Our plan which is both rash and bold.
The Seniors have erected near a platform strong,
We'll come to-night, I do not think 't will take us long,
And smash it up and carry it away.
A good bonfire it will make at break of day.

RETSELIO. Of course you know we'll watch with greatest care,
And have guards posted all about and everywhere.

ANTONIO. We'll post some down on Main Street, news to bring
When all is quiet there, and everything
Is ready, and the Seniors one and all,
Have carried themselves home from banquet hall.

SKRAPALOT. Now hustle, friends, each hasten to his post,
We'll give to '94 a lovely roast.

SKRAP. AND RET. We're also short for time, and so away we'll prance,
Although if we had time we'd like to do a song and dance.

CHORUS. Good night, kind friends, we have to leave you now,
To go and get things ready for our grand pow-wow;
But don't feel lonesome, we'll not leave you long,
But greet you soon with gladsome song.

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE—Boynton Street, foot of Tech Hill. Night.

CHORUS. We're here again, for, as you see,
 We always do as we agree.
 But Hush ! Hush ! Hush !
 And Tush ! Tush ! Tush !
 'Tis darkest night,
 And we might fright
 The guardian strong of Boynton Hall.
 So Mush ! Mush ! Mush !
 And Rush ! Rush ! Rush !
 Our deed to do ;
 'T will soon be through.
 On '94 let vengeance fall.

ENTER CONSPIRATORS.

SIVADO. Kind friends, one and all,
 With vigor let's fall
 On that elegant platform that's built on the hill.

NITRAMUS. And, kind friends, with me
 I think you'll agree
 '94 will remember us all in its will.

[All rush up hill and start to tear down the platform, making much noise.]

SKRAPALOT. It seemeth to me
 We more quiet must be.

ANTONIO. My boy ! not at all, for it's easy, yes, rather,
 For if by mistake
 Any one should awake,
 It's all right, for young Doc has locked in his old father.

[Skrapalot, Antonio, Melcio, Fewelus, Drofsko and Sivado each grab a post of the platform and try to lift it.]

SKRAPALOT. Now I'll count, 1, 2, 3.

SIVADO. And then all heave with me.

ANTONIO. No, we'll all heave together, my friend.

MELCIO. For united we stand.

FEWELUS. And on every hand

DROPSKO. The results of our labors depend.

[With a long heave and much groaning they pull up the platform and start up the hill.]

ALL CHANT TOGETHER.

Steady ! boys, steady !
 Ready ! boys, ready !
 Duty ! boys, duty ! altogether ! look alive !
 We'd get it up the hill, boys,
 If every man 't would kill, boys.
 Such is the cry of the Class of '95.

SCENE 2. Bliss's Field.

NITRAMUS. Now hasten quickly, boys, without delay,
 To M. P.'s barn and bring back lots of hay.

MELCIO. Yes, boys, don't be afraid to take your fills,
 For most o' t's bought with our tuition bills.

[Crowd rushes over to the barn, brings back hay, piles it up around the demolished platform. Skrapalot applies the match, at the same time chanting.]

SKRAPALOT. Revenge is sweet ;
 So saith the noble bard.
 Revenge is sweet ;
 Though sometimes it comes hard.
 Revenge is sweet ;
 We'd have it if it cost much more.
 Revenge is sweet ;
 Especially on '94.

[All join hands and slowly dance around the burning pile, singing the well-known dirge, " Oh ! that tired feeling ! "]

CHORUS. The shades of night are lifting fast,
 Our deed of vengeance now is past.
 We'll homeward go, we've stayed too long.
 So here's a farewell in a song.
 Look, '95, behold our vengeance horrible !
 Next morning you'll be in a strait deplorable.
 But please remember next time this one thing, my boy,
 With '95 it does n't often pay to toy.
 So here's long life to '95 ; '95 ; '95 !
 Here's long life to '95 ; good old '95.

[Curtain falls amidst the rising of the sun.]

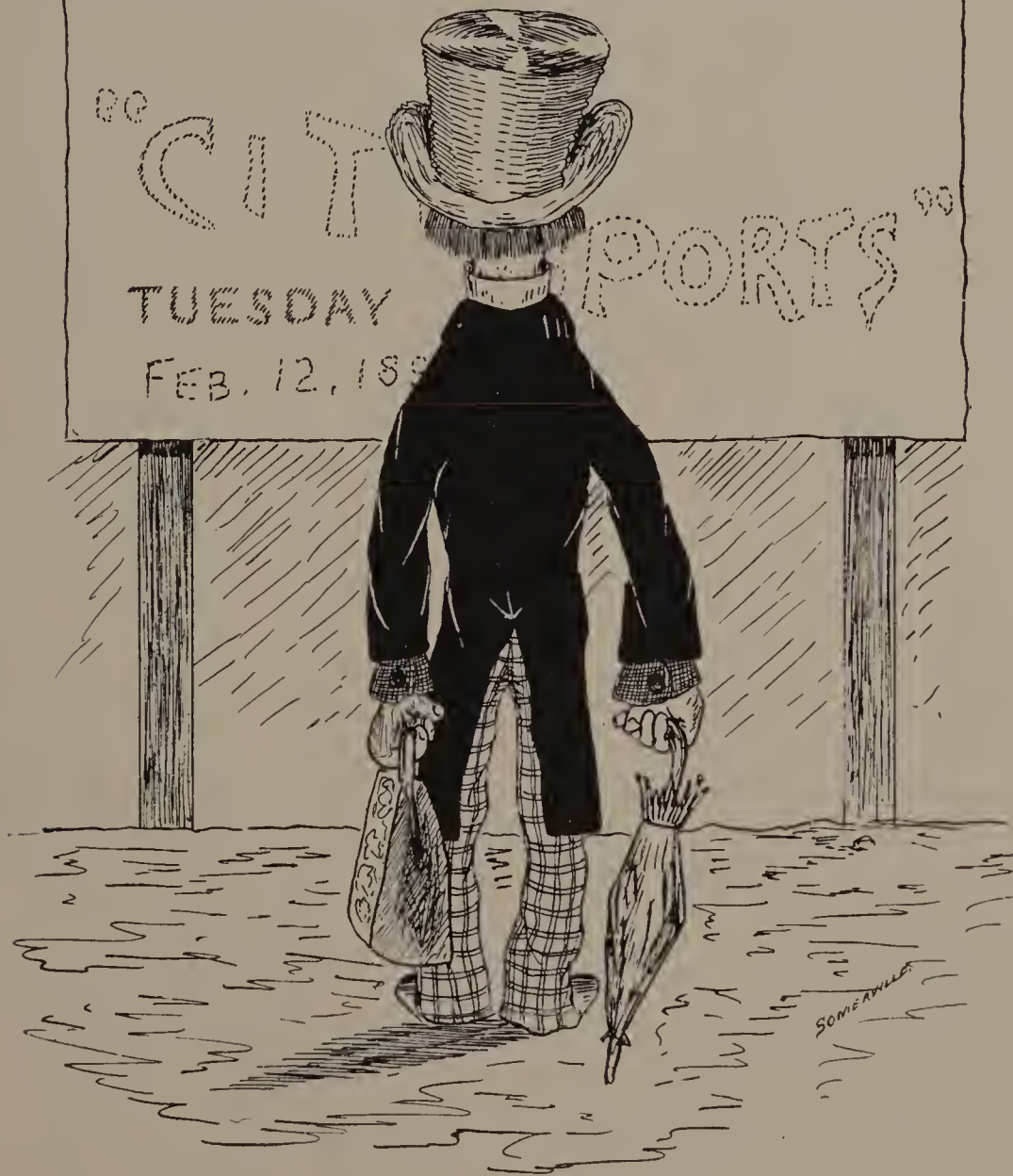
ADVERTISEMENTS

WORCESTER THEATRE,

“CITY REPORTS”

TUESDAY

FEB. 12, 189



**THE
SIMONDS
SAWS AND
KNIVES**

**EVERYWHERE
THE
STANDARD**

OUR SIX ADDRESSES

SIMONDS MFG. CO. FITEHBURG, MASS.
 21 S. CANAL ST. CHICAGO, ILL.
 107 LIBERTY ST. NEW YORK N.Y.

SIMONDS SAW CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 PORTLAND ORE.

SIMONDS MFG. CO. LTD.
 215 (OLD No. 23) MAGAZINE ST.
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.



I.

Pray list, kind friends, I'll sing to you
 A ballad that is trite but true.
 'Tis of this infant, pretty dear,
 Whose form you see depicted here.

J. P. COGHLIN, '93.

F. E. GILBERT, '95.

Columbia Electric Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

DYNAMOS, MOTORS AND ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES.

ISOLATED

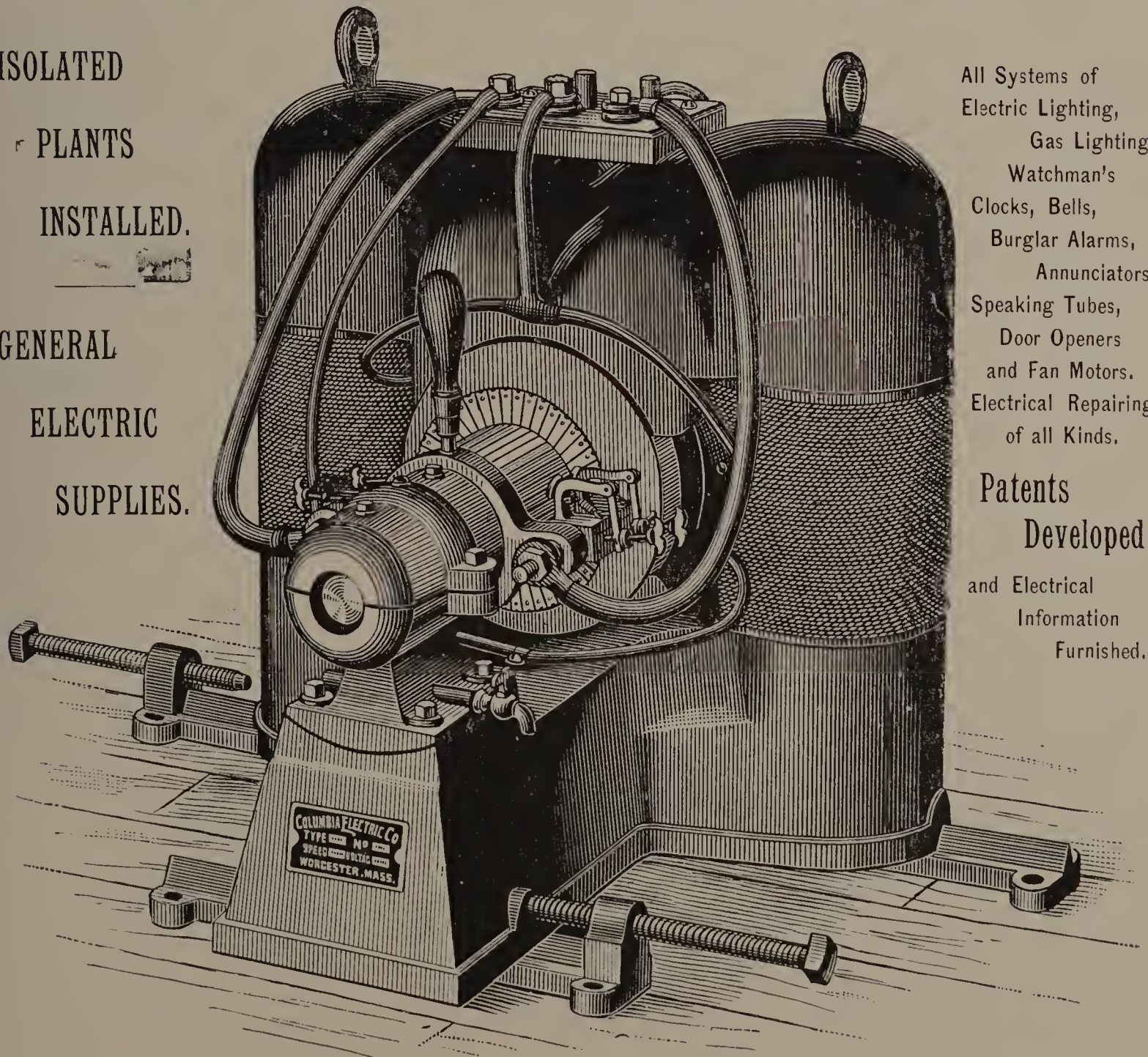
PLANTS

INSTALLED.

GENERAL

ELECTRIC

SUPPLIES.



All Systems of
Electric Lighting,
Gas Lighting,
Watchman's
Clocks, Bells,
Burglar Alarms,
Annunciators,
Speaking Tubes,
Door Openers
and Fan Motors.
Electrical Repairing
of all Kinds.

Patents
Developed,
and Electrical
Information
Furnished.

"THE COLUMBIA."

ALL SYSTEMS OF TELEPHONES INSTALLED.

FACTORY, 180 UNION STREET.

Office, Burnside Building, 339 MAIN STREET.

WORCESTER, MASS.

❧* ELMER G. TUCKER, *❧
JEWELER,

323 MAIN STREET, MECHANICS HALL BUILDING.

Fine Watches, Fashionable Jewelry, Rich Silverware, French and
 ::::::::::: American Clocks always on hand.

Particular Attention Given to Furnishing Wedding Presents.

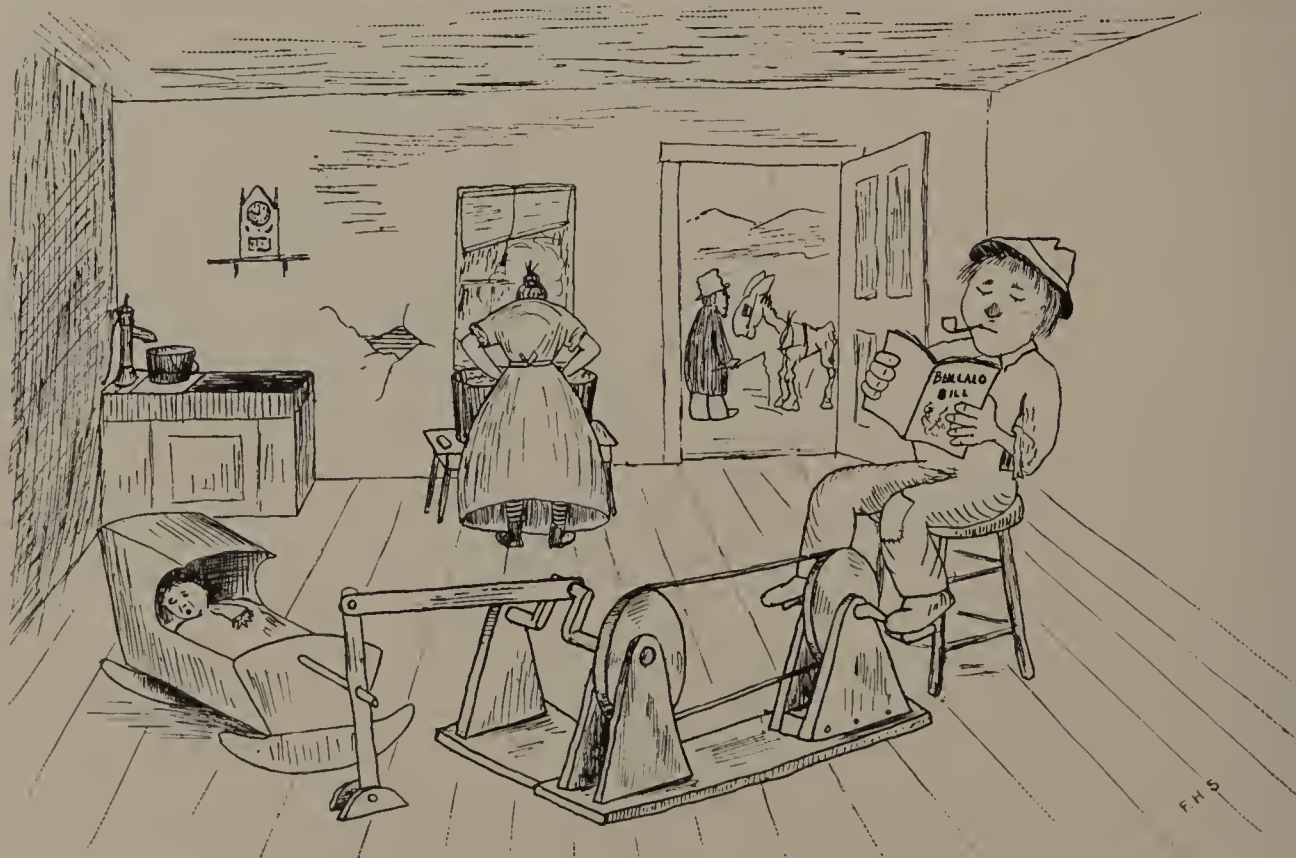
Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of every description, a special feature,
 and all Work Warranted to give satisfaction.

Duncan & Goodell Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Hardware and Cutlery,

404 Main Street,
 Worcester, Mass.



II.

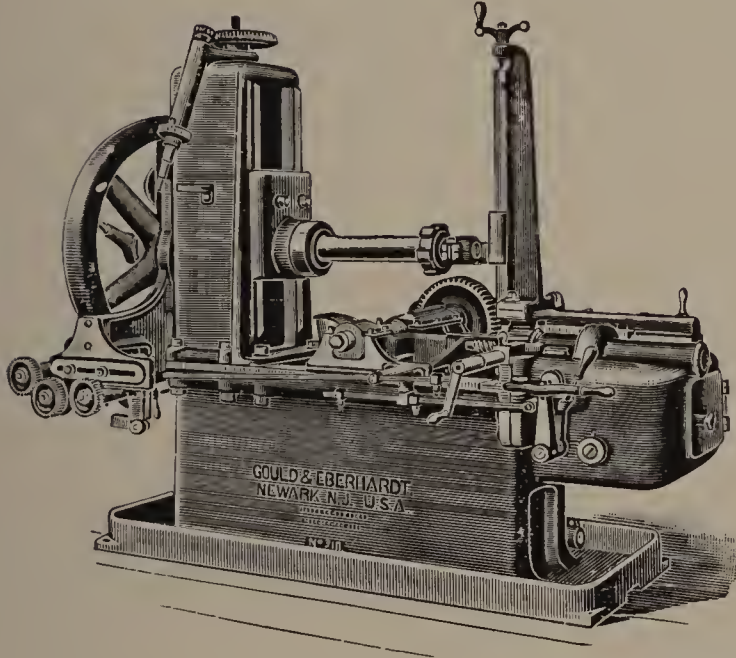
When but a boy our hero fair
 Showed an inventive turn most rare.
 He turned this turn to turning wheels,
 To what result this cut reveals.

Gould & Eberhardt,

Newark, N. J.,

Builders of

: : : : High Class Machine Tools,



AS USED BY

U. S. GOVERNMENT,
TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

AND

LEADING FIRMS OF THE WORLD.

EBERHARDT'S PATENT

New Type

: : : : : Automatic Gear Cutters.

MACHINES FOR

Cutting Motor Gears,

A SPECIALTY.

EBERHARDT'S PATENT

❖ System of Radial Duplex Cutters ❖

ACCOMPLISHES THE
GREATEST AMOUNT OF WORK KNOWN.

Eberhardt's Patent

"Double Triple Quick Stroke"

SHAPERS,

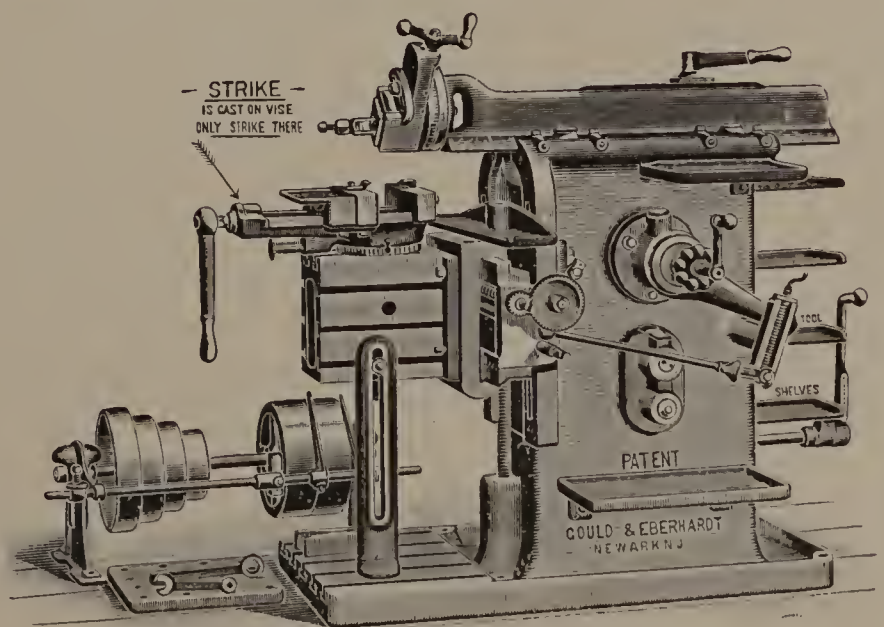
WITH

New Extension Base

AND

Extra Support to Table.

RAPID, CONVENIENT,
ACCURATE, ORIGINAL,
POWERFUL.



DOUBLE TRIPLE QUICK STROKE
(TRADE MARK)

12", 14", 16", 18", 20", 24", 28", 32".

❖❖BRAGG'S SPA,❖❖

322 Main Street, Corner Walnut.

TEMPERANCE DRINKS, A SPECIALTY.

LUNCH COUNTER. NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

: : : : : CHOICE LINE OF CONFECTIONERY

ALWAYS OF HAND.

Worcester Theatre,

J. J. Rock, Manager.



III.

At Polytech we find him now,
See how our Freshman beats his brow ;
For, wheels still whirling in his mind,
Our friend continues still to grind.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY,

45 PURCHASE STREET,

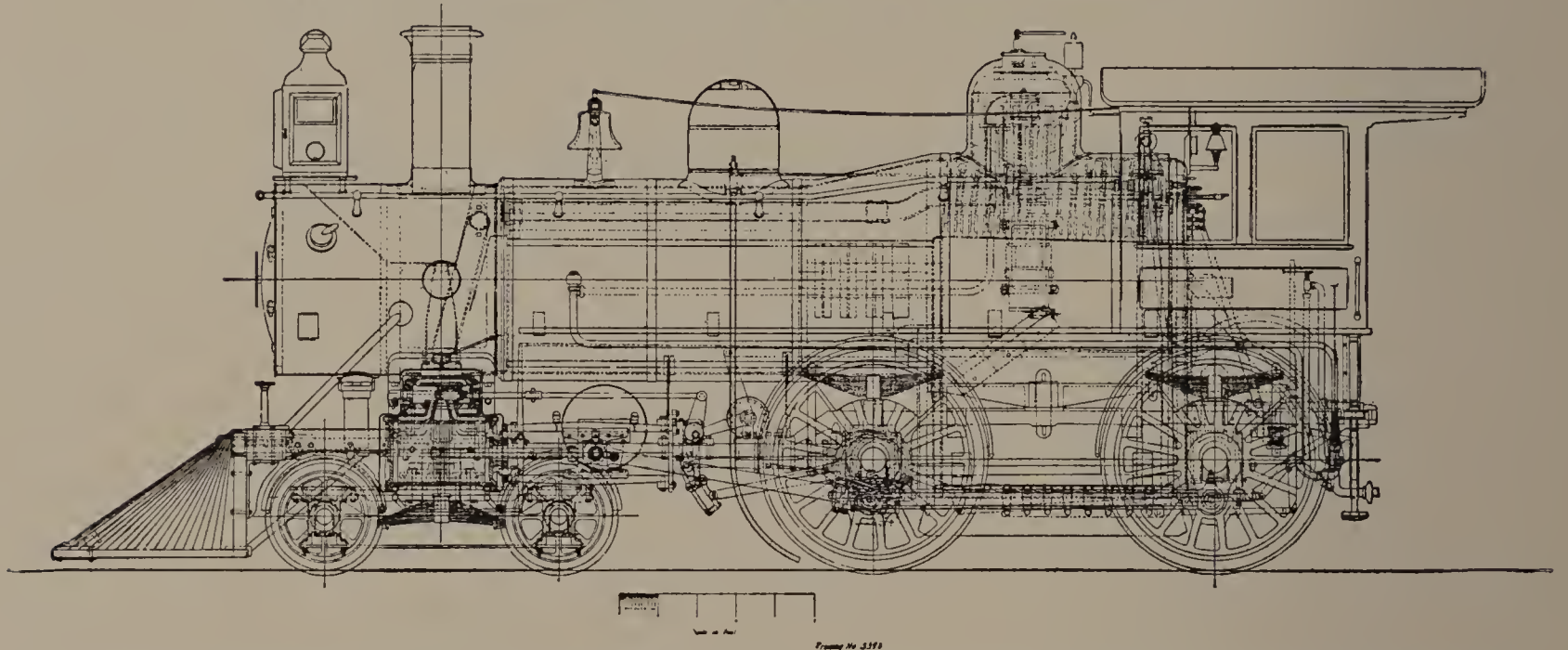
BOSTON, MASS.

MORE BY GALLON.
LESS BY THE DAY.



ESTABLISHED, 1831.

ANNUAL CAPACITY, 1,000.

BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.

Single Expansion and Compound Locomotives, Broad and Narrow Gauge Locomotives, Steam Cars and Tramway Locomotives, Mine and Furnace Locomotives, Plantation Locomotives, Compressed Air Locomotives, Oil-Burning Locomotives, adapted to every variety of service, and built accurately to gauges and templates, after standard designs or to railroad companies' drawings. Like parts of different engines of same class, perfectly interchangeable. Electric Locomotives and Electric Car Trucks, with Approved Motors.

BURNHAM, WILLIAMS & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA., U. S. A.



IV.

A Sophomore, though still quite fresh,
He's caught in fond love's silken mesh.
His hair, like Samson's, has great length,
For, with the fair, this gives him strength.

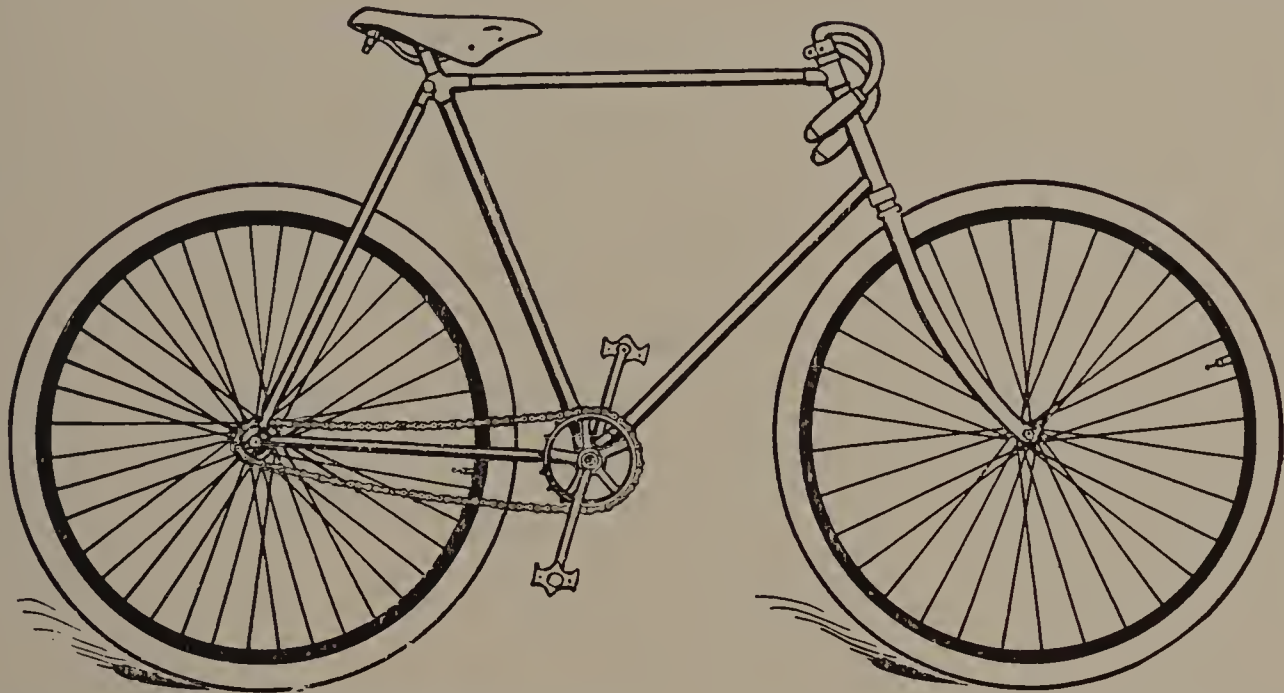
**BAY
STATE**

Bicycles.

Weight, 19 to 21 Pounds.

PRICE, \$100.00.

Repairing of all Kinds.



Pneumatic Carriage Wheels.

THE RAMSDELL & RAWSON CO.,

L. W. RAWSON, Mgr., W. P. I., '93.
24 Pleasant St. Factory, 25 Union St.

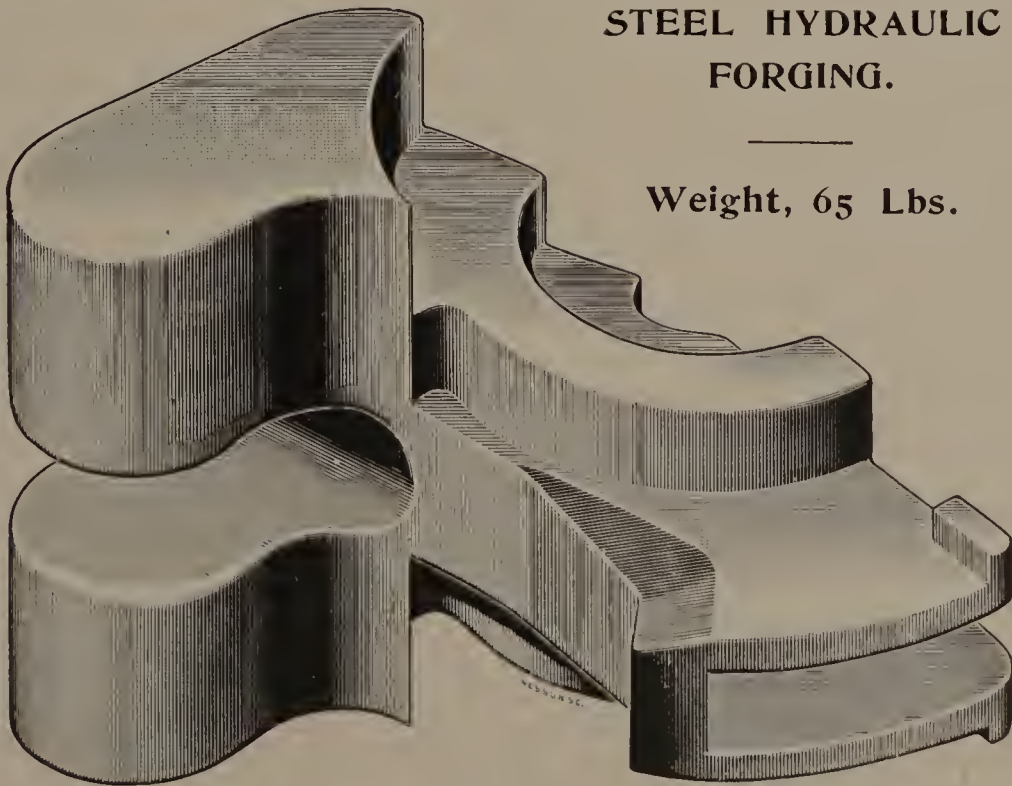


**QUICK
ACTION**

WOODWORKERS'

VICES.

..... 2000
IN USE.



**STEEL HYDRAULIC
FORGING.**

Weight, 65 Lbs.



**DROP
FORGINGS**

—OF—
**EVERY
DESCRIPTION.**



Wyman & Gordon, Worcester, Mass.

§ NOTICE. §

F. E. & W. E. Marshall,

Proprietors of the

STAR ▲ LUNCH ▲ ROOM,

WISH TO ANNOUNCE TO THE PUBLIC THAT THEY ARE
: : : : : PREPARED TO

CATER FOR LARGE OR SMALL
PARTIES, : : : : :

AT SHORT NOTICE.

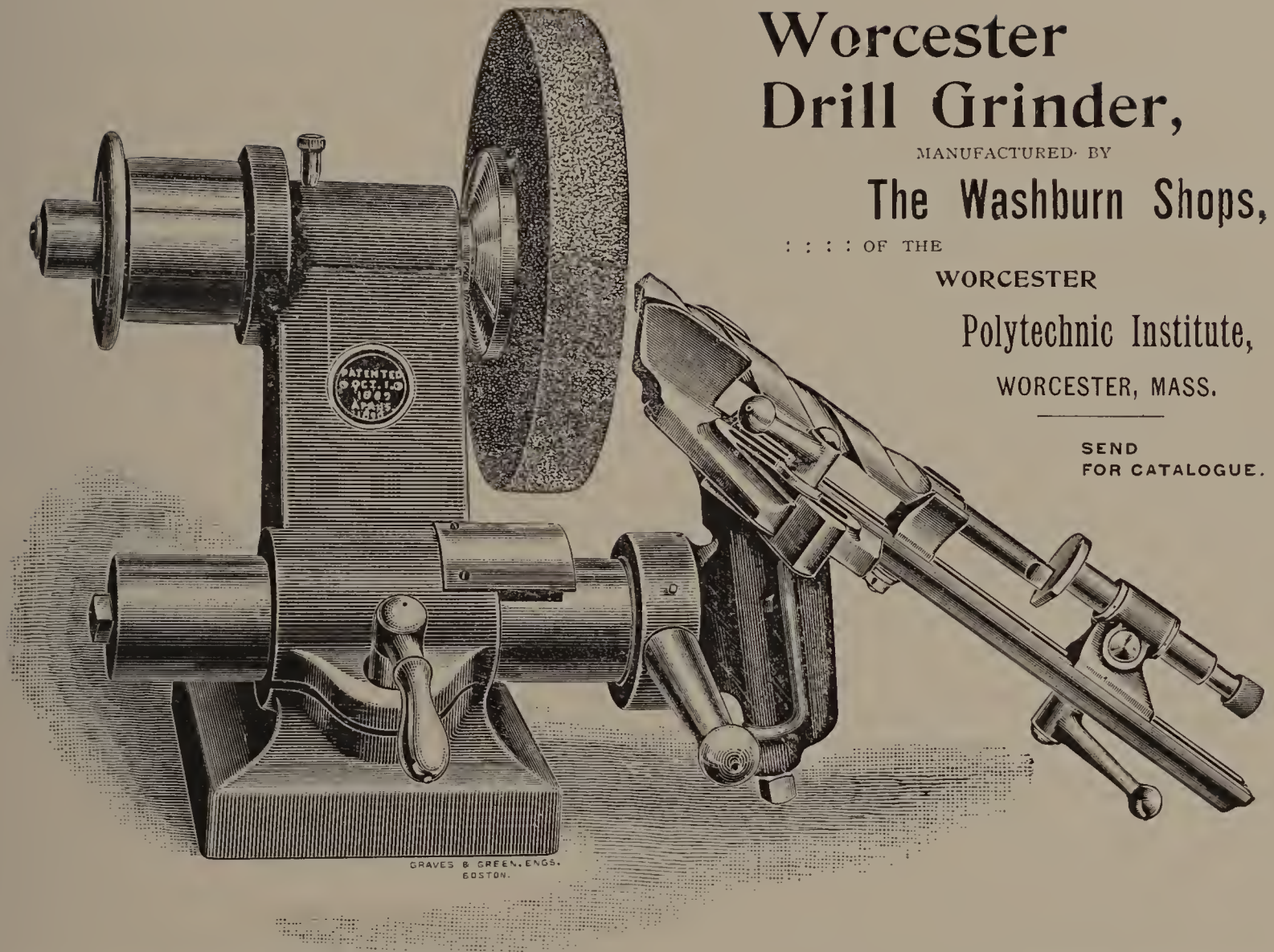
Excellent Service and Food of First-Class Quality Guaranteed. Ice Cream,
Cake and Coffee Furnished in any Quantity desired.

OPEN ALL NIGHT. TELEPHONE, 156-3.



V.

A Junior, next, our hero bold,
Walks forth to conquer fields untold.
Our athlete in the walk 's a crack,
Full gracefully he foots the track.



Worchester Drill Grinder,

MANUFACTURED BY

The Washburn Shops,

OF THE

WORCESTER

Polytechnic Institute,

WORCESTER, MASS.

SEND
FOR CATALOGUE.

HARRINGTON & BRO., Stables and Shops,

Livery, Hack and Boarding.

Horseshoeing,

Carriage Building, Repairing.

✻ 35 Central Street, Worcester, Mass. ✻

TELEPHONE, 34-2.

CHARLES V. PUTNAM, President.

A. B. R. SPRAGUE, Treasurer.

Putnam & Sprague Co.,
 Furniture, Carpets, Draperies
 and Upholstery Goods.

Nos. 247 and 249 Main Street,
 Worcester, Mass.



VI.

A Senior, here our youth you see.
 He hopes soon to be called S. B.
 He thinks this foolish world *passée*,
 In fact, has grown to be *blasé*.

Special Rates

TO W. P. I. STUDENTS.

Drafting : Instruments : and : Draftsmen's : Supplies.

Drawing and Blue Process Papers, Scales, Triangles, Curves, T-Squares, Designers' Colors, Moist and Dry Water-Colors, Tracing Paper and Cloth, Kohinoor Pencils, Fine Brushes; also,

ARTISTS' MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & Co.,

INCORPORATED.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

82 and 84 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Factories, Malden, Mass.

WIRE MACHINERY.

Morgan Construction Company,

ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

Rod Rolling Mill and Wire Drawers' Mill Plants, and Appliances for
Manufacturing Iron, Steel, Brass and Copper Wire.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors.

President, Everett O. Fisk, 4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

CONNECTED BY TELEPHONE. CABLE ADDRESS, FISKBURT, BOSTON.

4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 803 12th Street, Washington, D. C. 355 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 32 Church Street, Toronto, Can. Century Building, Minneapolis, Minn. 120 1-2 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Correspondence with employers is invited. Registration forms sent to teachers on application. We have filled eight thousand and seventy-seven positions, at salaries aggregating \$5,248,180.00.

Macullar & Son,
MAKERS OF MEN'S FINE CLOTHING,
CHAMBERS:
425 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

Spring Styles now Ready.

BAY STATE HOUSE,
WORCESTER, MASS.
FRANK P. DOUGLASS, PROPRIETOR.

GRADUATED PRICES. FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

ELEVATOR.

STEAM HEATED THROUGHOUT.

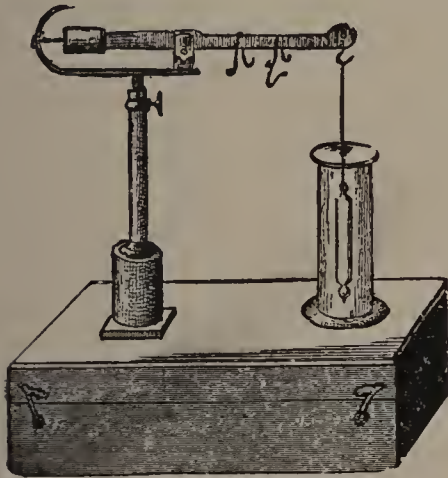


VII.

The Tech is past and he, poor wight,
Is wedded by electric light,
And by this cut you'll plainly see
It is the coming century.

Established, 1851.

Chemicals and Chemical Apparatus.



EIMER & AMEND,

Importers and Manufacturers.

205, 207, 209, 211 Third Ave.,
Corner 18th Street.

New York.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



VIII.

His wife, like women of her kind,
Has proved to own the stronger mind.
He's owned his own is cleverer,
And has a head far leveler.

The Horace Partridge Company,

335 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

College and School Athletic Outfitters.

Makers of the W. P. I. Sweaters and Other Athletic Goods.

Special Terms on Team and Club Orders.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.



IX.

His tribulations have begun,
And he is having lots of fun,
Teaching the children not to fight,
While wifey preaches woman's right.

Superior Work in

Photographs

at

HOLDEN'S, 411 MAIN STREET.

Class Photographer
for W. P. I.,
'95.



Large Work, a Specialty.

Special Discount to Tech Students,
at all Times.

F. S. FROST.

H. A. LAWRENCE.

H. C. GARDNER.

THE RIGHT PLACE TO BUY

Mathematical Instruments,

Colors, Drawing Papers, Blue Process Papers, T-Squares, Scales, Curves, Triangles, and
all Kinds of Architect's and Engineer's Supplies,



ARTISTS' MATERIALS

And Picture Frames,

IS AT

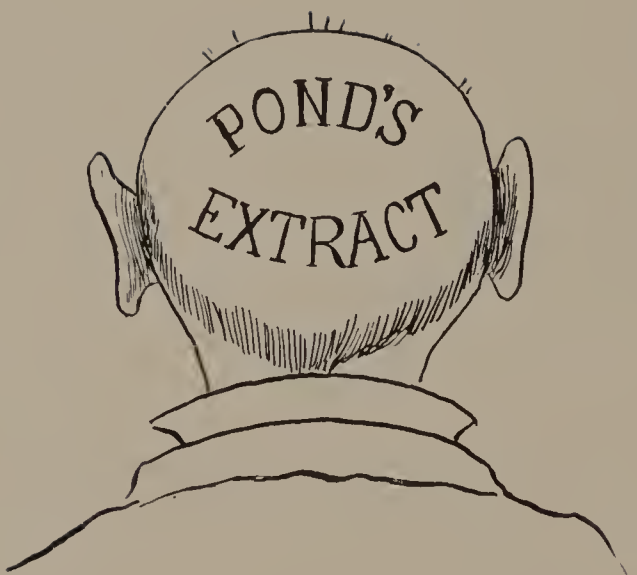
FROST & ADAMS,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers,

:: :: :: 37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

New Catalogue Free on Application.

Special Discount to W. P. I.



'Varsity Men

don't need to be told of the value of *Pond's Extract* as a reliever of Sprains, Cuts, Bruises and all Pain.

Keep it on Your Mind, That Pond's Extract

Is put up only in bottles, with a buff wrapper and yellow label.

Pond's Extract Co., 76 5th Avenue, New York.

X.





KEUFFEL & ESSER CO.
NEW YORK.
 127 Fulton & 42 Ann Sts.
Drawing Materials and
Surveying Instruments.
 Best Goods and Best Assortment. All goods
 Warranted.

Paragon Drawing Instruments, superior to all others. German, English
 French Instruments, Paragon Scales, T-Squares, Triangles,
 Curves, Drawing-Boards. Great Variety of Papers,
 in Sheets and Rolls. Special Terms
 to Students.

LOVELL
 ARMS AND CYCLE CO.,

DEALERS IN EVERYTHING IN

Sporting and Athletic Goods,

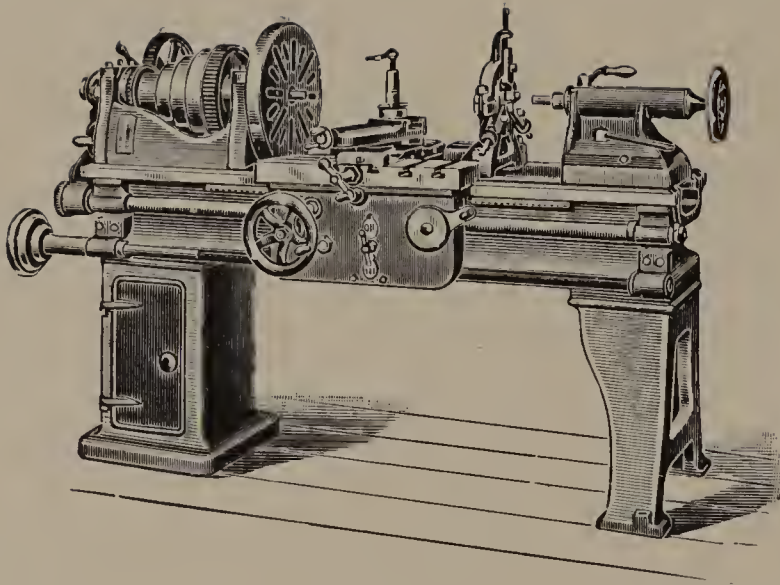
For
 Out-Door or In-Door Sports.

: : : : : **LOVELL**
DIAMOND BICYCLES.
 UNIFORMS OF ALL KINDS.

Special Discount
 to Members of W. P. I.

GEORGE S. DAVIS, MANAGER.

Corner of Main and Foster Streets, Worcester.



H. C. FISH MACHINE WORKS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

**MACHINE
TOOLS** 

— AND —

SPECIAL MACHINERY.

OFFICE: 152 Union Street.

. WORKS: Union and Central Streets.

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY,

46 EXCHANGE STREET,

===== TWO BLOCKS BELOW THEATRE,

WORCESTER, MASS.

===== **C. T. BURNS, PROPRIETOR.** =====

Transient Work at Short Notice.

Family Washings a Specialty.



WATCH THIS SPACE.

